

THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts
and Public Affairs*

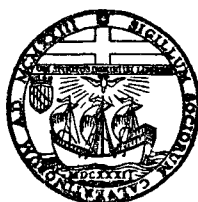
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THE BRIDGE THAT MUST BE CROSSED

THERE was a most familiar ring to what the papers reported concerning the statements made by the "well-known economists, statisticians and public officials," at the annual conference of the American Association for Labor Legislation, held recently in Washington, D. C. Turning back to our issues of a year ago, we found that we were commenting at that time upon utterances almost precisely the same as were made last week. That is to say, a year ago the best-informed people upon such matters as unemployment, and the relief of unemployment, and the growing destitution in city and country among men and women willing, and more than willing—almost desperately anxious—to work, but with no work to do, were telling the public the same story as the one they tell today, namely, that the need of work, and the need for relief, are so great that the best efforts of private, local, municipal and state bodies are ineffective, and only large, nationally planned efforts to meet the situation can avail. There is, however, one serious difference between what was being said a year ago—and, indeed, a year before that—and what is being said now; and that is that another year has passed and only temporary and ineffective measures have been made.

Surely it is high time that as a people we make up our minds to attack the problem before us in adequate ways. And it would seem that the most direct way to come to grips with the principal problem confronting us, which undoubtedly is the need to provide immediate but more than temporary help to the millions of unemployed and their dependents, is to clear our minds of cant and humbug and the poison gas of propaganda about the horrors of the dole, and recognize the ethical basis which makes direct governmental dealing with unemployment neither Socialistic nor capitalistic but a matter of sheer humanity and common sense. More than a year ago, the Reverend John A. Ryan, speaking at a conference of religious groups dealing with unemployment, gave noteworthy utterance to the fundamental morality of federal relief when circumstances justify such a step—and that today, a year after his statement, there is even a greater need for its application is hardly open to reasonable doubt.

"If it is impracticable for the states concerned to make this provision," said Dr. Ryan, "there is ample precedent to put the burden upon the federal government. If we are one nation, the needs of any part of our commonwealth are properly the concern of the

whole. The assertion that such a calamity as that resulting from the drought is a matter for private charity alone, not for public appropriations, is purely doctrinaire. I prefer the doctrine stated by Pope Pius XI in his recent encyclical: 'If private resources do not suffice, it is the duty of the public authorities to supply for the insufficient forces of individual effort. . . . Hence, in making the laws disposing of public funds, they (the rulers of the state) must do their utmost to relieve the penury of the needy, considering such as one of the most important of their administrative duties.' The principles laid down by the Holy Father in these sentences may, I believe, be fairly applied to conditions today in the United States." Dr. Ryan was speaking about the distress in the Southwestern states occasioned by the drought a year ago; but conditions throughout the country today constitute a calamity worse than the conditions caused by the flood, and it would seem that the same moral compulsion to meet them adequately must also apply.

Such, at any rate, seems to be the opinion of Reverend John O'Grady, of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and one of the best-informed leaders of organized charity. He told the meeting in Washington last week that only a large federal bond issue floated in the same way as the Liberty Bond campaigns "would call out much of our hoarded wealth and put it into circulation. If the federal government fails to use its credit boldly in the present crisis, we are faced inevitably with further reductions in value, further business and bank failures," asserted Dr. O'Grady. He contended that public works as a means of lifting the load of depression and as a remedy had never really had a serious trial in this country. In his judgment, road building on a large scale offered the best opportunity for relief of unemployment and stimulation of the movement to end the depression. And with this opinion Arthur D. Gayer, of the National Bureau of Economic Research, fully agreed, asserting that the public works plan had been blamed as a failure, whereas the truth was that a really adequate plan had never been tried.

According to William Hodson, executive secretary of the Welfare Council of New York, relief in New York City itself already "was on a disaster basis," and this with winter only begun! About \$70,000,000 was at the disposal of the various emergency agencies, public and private; but Mr. Hodson says this will be far from sufficient; "more money is needed than is in sight." The same story is told by other experts. Testifying before the Senate Committee on Manufactures, Allen T. Burns, executive secretary of the Association of Community Chests and Councils, said that the aggregate of community chest resources now in sight will not be more than \$100,000,000. Of this amount only about \$30,000,000 will be spent on home relief, the larger sums going to hospitals, child welfare and other activities. And similar testimony was given by many other practical authorities.

President Hoover is on record as having said that "if the time should ever come when the voluntary agencies of the country, together with the local and state governments, are unable to find resources with which to prevent hunger and suffering in my country, I will ask the aid of every resource of the federal government." Has that time not now come, when so large a mass of expert testimony supports the common observation of most observers that local and private means are already inadequate to meet the emergency? Echoing the President's thought, Chairman Gifford, of the President's emergency committee, made this statement last summer, when the great voluntary drive to aid the victims of unemployment was begun: "If a community fails or finds itself unable to raise adequate funds, I should think that a job for the county, and if the county fails, for the state. If the state fails—well, we will cross that bridge when we come to it." But does not the evidence now in hand point directly to that bridge? That is a question of fact. Let us hope and trust that the facts may be speedily ascertained. But there should be no further doubt or peradventure of a doubt that there is not merely a moral right, there is a moral duty, to use the bridge of a federal bond issue, or other appropriate national means, if necessary, to deal adequately with the great disaster now lying so heavily upon the country.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE COMMENT which so far has been made by spokesmen for our separated brethren of the Protestant churches on the renewed invitation to them to return to the faith of their fathers, by Roads to Pope Pius XI, in his latest encyclical letter, "Lux Veritatis," has been gratifyingly cordial, even friendly, however Unity firmly the replies maintained the reasons

which seem good to Protestants for remaining outside the fold. Renewed proof has thus been given of the deep respect for the present Pontiff, and the universal admiration for his strong maintenance of the traditional rights of the Catholic Church, even when those rights are questioned or denied by those who applaud the Holy Father's consistency in advancing their claims. Moreover, there is a general recognition of at least one fact, namely, the injurious results which have come to Christendom through the "dissidence of dissent" which has followed the Reformation. The doctrinal matters in dispute for so long are the business of the theologians and the official leaders of the churches to discuss. For our part, we may well leave those supremely important subjects to those competent to deal with them, and confine ourselves to the lesser, but perhaps more obviously practical, social results of a disunited Christendom which are so obvious today.

BECAUSE of the lack of a united agreement, under recognized authority, upon matters of fundamental

moral and ethical significance, Christendom—all of Western civilization—is today staggering upon the very edge of an abyss of decadence, possibly even of violent revolution. There is no Christian agreement upon the doctrine of the sacrament of matrimony: and as a social consequence Renos multiply their divorce mills throughout the world, family life is disappearing, the birth control heresy threatens to become a new plague of Manicheism, and the birth rate drops throughout the world of the white race, except among the bolshevized Slavs. There is no Christian agreement upon the moral doctrines which underly economics and business and industry: and as a social consequence the whole world is inundated by a flood of disaster. There is no Christian agreement upon the moral principles underlying the relations between the individual and governments: and as a social consequence there are multiplying dictatorships, tyrannies such as Russia and Mexico, and the shadow of a new Caesarism heavy upon many nations which once were free. Even while withholding their assent to the full invitation of the Pope to return to the center of Christianity, our separated brother Christians may well consider coöperation with the Catholic Church in as full a measure as possible in attempting to reach agreement, and then to take common action, upon many of those significant and fundamental concerns.

ANTI-CATHOLIC legends often seem to show a vitality proportionate to their silliness. Thus nothing could be more obviously absurd than the tale of a mediaeval council deciding that women have no souls, or even debating as to whether they have or not.

Yet the doddering calumny appears in its most extreme form in "How To Be Happy Though Human," by W. Béran Wolfe, M.D., director of the Community Church Mental Hygienic Clinic of New York, according to an extract from the book in the current *Reader's Digest*. "The Church has been the worst enemy of womankind throughout the ages," says Dr. Wolfe. "A famous Catholic council once went on record in solemn conclave that woman did not possess a soul." *Rien que ça!* The origin of such tales is often hard to trace. Fortunately, in this instance the work has been admirably done by the eminent Belgian historian, Godefroid Kurth. And the facts are these: According to Saint Gregory of Tours's account of the Second Council of Macon, which was held in 585, one bishop objected to the use of the word *homo* as applied to a woman. His colleagues proved to him that the usage was scriptural, and the matter was dropped. The discussion, which seems to have taken place informally, was grammatical, not theological. Only wilful distortion could make it into the absurdity which Dr. Wolfe gives us in the above oracular pronouncement. He did not start this ugly lie, but he has glibly repeated it with a lack of critical spirit which is disgraceful in a scientist.

A SCHOOL which promises interesting contributions to the cause of education has just been opened, it is announced, in Battle Creek, Michigan, under the triple financing of the city, the state and the W. K. Kellogg Foundation. It will accept not only physically normal children, but blind and lame ones as well. In the abstract, this principle of mingling is sound within very wide limits; properly and carefully applied, it should have a wholesome and developing effect upon both classes of children. There are undeniable immediate advantages, both psychological and technical, in segregating those laboring under various crippling handicaps, from the groups in the ordinary school, where provision cannot be made for the special necessities of their training, and where, consequently, the ills of maladjustment and inferiority inevitably strike root in the sensitive consciousness. But every segregated group, as such, has its own grave handicaps. A school where the technical needs of the special group are explicitly met, and where, in addition, companionship with normal children is promoted, should—if run according to the articles of its profession—give these little unfortunates the completest development yet attempted for them. For the normal children in the experiment one can speak with even less hesitation. There are certain deformities and certain nervous maladies to which they should not be exposed, for obvious reasons. Otherwise there is no danger at all, there is only social and moral benefit to them, from learning to adapt their imaginations and (within fair limits, of course) their recreation, to the less fortunate. Anyone who recalls a childhood in an old-fashioned school, will bear out the statement that this adjustment is made automatically, with no strain whatever.

IN OUR vast and fluid national life, which has so much power to be administered, and calls out so many agents and agencies to administer it, under such widely differing circumstances, all sorts of political and social anomalies arise; all sorts of polities and theories can be detected in a half-crystallized state. Anyone keenly conscious of that norm of government called theocracy, for instance, might see a startling development in its direction in the constant and terrific pressure exerted on our state and national legislation by church bodies and definite church lobbies; if he were attracted to the ideal of theocracy, he might easily argue that we should legalize this reality of the church influence upon the national mind, and set up its recognized agencies among us, to replace the (to him) fiction of democracy. Similarly, anyone with a preference for dictators (a perfectly defensible preference based upon an efficient and venerable philosophy) might point to the spontaneous growth of the national entity in the last fifty years, the irresistible, unwilling accretion of vaster and vaster powers at that one point; and might affirm that govern-

mental health will not be restored to us until some Mussolini-minded Chief Executive precipitates the immanent absolutism to deal with it in the only effective way. So, too, with those attuned to the tradition of aristocracy. It is this particular ideal which Mr. Albert Jay Nock defends, in the current *Harper's*; and he defends it so lucidly and well that it seems to us useful to formulate what there is to be said on the other side—the democratic and American side, as we still conceive it to be, in spite of the foregoing admissions. We have here, says Mr. Nock, a class with the security and power of an aristocracy, but without its explicit status, and hence without its code. That code has valuable features, largely lacking among us: for instance, the disinterested cultivation of the things of the mind; decorous and beautiful manners; a high conception of personal honor. Why not, then, secure these advantages for ourselves by vesting our privileged—that is, our very rich—who are entrenched here anyway, with the office of social superiors, and hence with the responsibilities that accompany their privileges historically?

WE DO not question the virtues of historical aristocracy, though our picture of it might be less idyllic than Mr. Nock's. The point is, that our democracy was founded with the idea not of dispensing with these virtues, but of extending them through the whole citizenry by extending at least a minimum of the medium in which they grow: security with its chance of leisure; political equality. Of course this is theory. The whole citizenry will never, in any circumstances, exhibit all these virtues. But neither did any whole aristocracy ever exhibit all of them.) The theory of vested prerogative was discarded because it cost too much. Too much of the general leisure, the public intelligence, the common dignity, had to be paid out to maintain that small group of arbiters and exemplars. To the Founding Fathers it seemed better to make it possible for individual arbiters and exemplars to develop anywhere, high or low, that their potentiality existed. Have we reached a point in that experiment where we are entitled to say it was a mistake? It is true that the economic equilibrium of the plan has been badly upset. Which, then, is wiser: to study out ways of redressing this wrong balance, or to confirm it by elevating its beneficiaries? It is true that democratic education has produced an appalling intellectual standardization; that the institutions founded and attended by the leisured must be looked to for leadership against such standardization. But as to the first fact, it must be judged in the light of the whole unexampled problem of Americanization; and as to the second, the main factor, again, is certainly leisure, not social prerogative. Now, as always, the first-rate mind needs merely a minimum of freedom from utilitarian considerations; it is quite irrelevant to its purposes that its possessor is, or is not, numbered among the gentry. There is no necessity in theory, any more than there is any possibil-

ity in fact, of recalling the time when literacy and libraries were rarities, and the class monopolizing them had the psychology of monopoly, with its occasional corresponding responsibility. Finally, have honor and manners really suffered a *quantitative* diminution? We doubt it. The difference is that they are no longer regarded as group possession. And while facing the fact that this deprives our society of an interesting aesthetic atmosphere, and greatly increases the difficulty of perpetuating the qualities themselves, we can be reasonably cheerful over the compensations. The practice of magnanimity, delicacy, decency and loyalty was never preempted by the aristocracy. It is a gain to have this recognized, and to know that any man anywhere can act "like a gentleman" without exciting wonder. No. We who write are still democrats, in company with the overwhelming number of our fellows. The position is hard pressed, but we maintain it, alike by personal preference and the logic of social evolution.

RECENTLY we were impressed by what seemed like the sound wisdom of Will Rogers apropos the Sino-Japanese embroilments. Writing from the scene of action, he said that the situation was so complicated that the only person to distrust was the so-called expert who would assume to tell how it all had come about, and what should be done. Further, he reported, after a conversation with a Chinese general, that the latter was not really worried by the Japanese invasions of Manchuria, because even if the Japanese succeeded for a few hundred years, the Chinese would by sheer force of numbers overrun them in the end and assimilate them. Not only were these reflections, put in Mr. Rogers' inimitable cracker-box philosopher's style, amusing, but also they were restful to anyone who had tried to thread the mazes of Oriental diplomacy and history, the sanctity or its very opposite of treaties, and the precedence of these where they seemed instruments executed in good faith but were diametrically opposed to each other. We even found it in our heart to sympathize with Mr. Stimson and Ambassador Forbes. Which should take precedence, the Briand-Kellogg pact outlawing war, of which both Japan and China were signatories, or the treaties given by China guaranteeing protection to Japanese life and property in Manchuria? Was banditry and guerilla warfare by a huge, disorganized and useless Chinese army more desirable than the avoidance of any encroachments on Chinese sovereignty? Should the League of Nations make war in order to prevent war?

THESE are tough questions, and we were almost content, like Mr. Rogers and his Chinese general and Mr. Stimson and the League, to let an open mind and a few hundred years settle the problems. Certainly the temper of nearly everyone we know is for peace, and the old paradox of preventing wars by making

more and bigger ones, no longer appears to be popular. When we read of the hatred Japan is stirring up against itself throughout China, and of how the Chinese, who have heretofore been Japan's best customers, are invoking the terrible weapon of boycott, we seem to perceive clearly that the nation which makes war brings on itself inevitable and long-lasting retribution. Possibly this retribution may be as automatic and equably proportioned as what, when we were children, we used to hear described as "natural punishment," or in catechism class, in more technical language, as "temporal punishment." If natural punishment to nations can be clearly demonstrated to follow upon violence, we believe a tremendous step forward will have been made toward sound, practical morality, and toward temporal felicity. For the achievement of this we are willing to maintain our faith in experts, provided they have some sense of order and unity and continuity of effort, and we are not willing to wait a few hundred years.

PICTURES of broken and mutilated bodies strewn monstrously a field pitted with shell holes and hedged with thickets of barbed wires, were taken by the United States Signal Corps photographers during the war, and few of them have ever been seen outside of official files. The horror of them, the stark reality of sudden, violent and wholesale death, has on the few occasions on which we have seen these pictures shown, sent away their beholders very much sobered, and, as far as personal observation could perceive, determined that the men whose broken bodies had been witnessed, should not have died in vain: that war really should be proscribed among rational human beings. And the audience, in each case, it might be said, was composed of men who would have rejoiced in the description of being hard-boiled and who had gone into the show happily, boisterously. Approximations of these sights in the war films, notably "The Big Parade," "What Price Glory" and "All Quiet on the Western Front," have been witnessed by the general public, and in spite of their limitations we found that these pictures sent away their audiences in much the same state of mind as did the other shows. It was an unanswered query in our minds, however, how the younger generations reacted to these things. It was interesting, therefore, to read of a questionnaire dealing with five prominent war films, which had been submitted to a group of 500 of our high-school boys and girls. With only a few exceptions it had elicited the information that the films had made the youthful thinkers despise war. A similar test conducted among 11,000 pupils in English schools to determine whether war films tended to make war glamorous, revealed 97 percent of the children were made determinedly contra-war by the films. This seems to us to be a very fine score for the movies and solid achievement for realism.

OUR PROHIBITION PLANK

THERE is an ingrained aversion to coercion which most individuals experience. Most men and women prefer to be attracted to any program of personal sanctification by an appeal to higher motives, by noble ideals and by spiritual gain."

So begins an article in our next issue by the president of the National Total Abstinence Union, the Reverend Edward J. Lyng, to which we would like to call special attention. We do this because of the important practical recommendations which the article has to make, and because we gratefully acknowledge that it has re-emphasized what must be an essential desire of every fair-minded person: that is, the preservation of the integrity and virtue of voluntary total abstinence. This too often has been lost sight of both by the politico-drys who would take from abstinence its virtue by making it a matter in which the individual is allowed no discretion, or deliberate intention, and by the wets who, too frequently motivated by the ingrained aversion to coercion referred to above, are prone to make it difficult for individuals, and particularly young persons, to refuse to drink for any one of a number of good reasons without precipitating an argument and seeming to give practical expression to sentiments inimical to the opinions of the host. This is one of the most unfortunate results of having made everyone the custodian of everyone else's habits. Anyone who moves in even moderately cosmopolitan circles, is aware of this embattled feeling of the wets he is bound to meet in perfectly normal social relations. In turn, to blame this feeling on the drys seems like a vicious circle. The situation is exactly that.

Particulars of the new total abstinence movement will be found to be described with vigor and authority by Father Lyng, and we do not wish to anticipate them in our desire to give them the fullest possible publicity. We, however, want to develop at a little length his inspiration to us to give due place and proportion to his cause in our expressions on prohibition. At one and the same time to urge the repeal of the prohibition amendment and to advocate the total abstinence movement, may at first appear to be straddling or duplicity. But anomalous as our position may seem, it expresses our profoundest conviction and one which we hope is shared by our readers.

Therefore, this is THE COMMONWEAL's platform on prohibition: First, repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment; second, the freedom to use wine and spirits and beer by those who can make felicitous temperate use of them; and third, the freedom to embrace total abstinence both by those who through past abuse or physical disabilities or a weakness for excessive tipping do themselves and others injury by drinking, and also by those who wish to undertake it as a matter of practical asceticism.

This may seem a rather longish statement and to be too involved. Actually it is no more complicated

than human nature and no more involved than are the diversity of individual problems. We cannot all stand on a narrow plank—all wet or all dry. We are not yet robots who can be coerced by law and government as to what we shall put into our stomachs at our own dinner tables in the privacy of our homes, or in a quiet corner of the cellar or the attic or a bathroom in between. To assume that we are, is not a noble experiment; it is merely silly. Facts have proved it so; and proved it worse than silly. Nor on the other hand, does the whole country have to go into a shocking decline, a colossal degeneracy, and become as a people worse than swine, by assuming a government hands-off policy in regard to alcoholic beverages. Both of these absolutes are absurd. The essential thing is to reassert that high faith in Americans, individually and collectively, which characterized the Declaration of Independence and the constitution that was the beginning of our country. It is an intolerable intolerance that assumes that the country as a whole has so far degenerated from those brave and spacious times, that the individual is no longer to be trusted with the right of decision in the matter of what he shall serve at his table, or whether he is to enjoy a whisky and soda with his friends during an evening of conversation in front of the fire, or a mint julep of a hot summer's evening on the porch.

Where has gone that amiable urbanity which characterizes civilized peoples? We know very definitely that it is not in the speakeasies nor at the modern cocktail party nor, for the greater part, in the forms of drinking practised nowadays. "Ingrained aversion to coercion" has given a nervous fillip to the elbow and some subtle defiant hardness to ceremony, that has painfully robbed it of grace. It is almost as if the extreme haters of all convivial drinking had by the force of their mental images imposed them as a pattern on the realities of the practice. As to whether they have actually caused any diminution in the total of spirituous liquors consumed, or whether, as others assert, with a mustering of file upon file of figures, they have not, is really beyond proof as long as bootlegging is bootlegging, and speakeasies are speakeasies, and home brew has not led to every home in the land being raided at least once every fortnight and an exact score made of what was found in every closet.

"Unfortunately prohibition has not performed the miracles that were expected," declared Cardinal Dougherty, at the beginning of the new year, in the course of a special address in Philadelphia calling on the Catholics of his diocese for a revival of temperance and total abstinence societies. He is one of a number of the hierarchy who are exerting renewed interest in this direction. Cardinal Dougherty continued: "According to experts, such as judges and the police, there is as much or more drunkenness today than before the passage of the Volstead act. When before did we see young men carrying hip flasks of liquor to social occasions, and young women, many of them not yet of age, drinking cocktails and strong liquor, some of them to

the point of intoxication? Today, unfortunately, this is not an uncommon sight. If the temperance societies were necessary before prohibition, they certainly are necessary now, and it behooves us to reestablish them with vigor."

Lending vivid support to these words of the cardinal, Father Lyng writes as follows: "We dare not describe the devastating efforts of an almost universal apathy which invaded the ranks of the Catholic total abstinence movement, bringing with it indifference, dissolution and despair. Time was when with commendable pride we could point to the enthusiasm, zeal and unshakable faith that characterized the entire membership of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. The opening day of our annual convention held at Atlantic City some years ago was one of gloom and depressing fear. It seemed as though a band of faithful mourners had assembled from far and wide reverently to commit to the tomb of oblivion the respected corpse of a once glorious and dignified cause." From this sad spectacle he goes on to describe the present reemergence of vitality in the cause.

We can only say again and again that we think the latter to be capital news and that we are heartily glad to hear it. We believe it is important to make clear, however, that the almost mortal blow that was dealt to the movement was coincident with, if not actually dealt by, the Eighteenth Amendment and Volsteadism. This is the crux of our position: we are against prohibition both because it is irksome coercion and because it discourages the everlasting vigilance and suasion and personal conviction that are the price of real moral gains, such as temperance or voluntary abstinence.

The moral decadence in our day, especially among our youth, referred to by Cardinal Dougherty, we too have witnessed and we do not cease to charge at least a major contributing responsibility for it to the assumed coercion of prohibition. We echo Father Lyng's painful observation, "We have become embroiled in a national catastrophe which has involved every degree, grade and shade of human beings in one violent, persistent and bitter dispute upon the justice or injustice of a legislative act," and we believe this bitter dispute will not end until that legislative act has been undone, and the total abstinence movement restored to an unequivocal position. It is fairly obvious that so long as prohibition is the law of the land, the total abstinence movement is evidence of the law's futility, in direct proportion as there is need for such a movement. In conclusion, we may say that in consideration of existing realities we are happy to do what we can to sponsor the work of the Total Abstinence Union, without prejudice to those who have a perfect right to enjoy temperate use of good beverages, and we hold that it would be the greatest contribution to temperance and to the total abstinence cause if its appeal could be made to free men and women who would be acting under no threat or coercion of government spies and agents or political agitators.

ARE SPANISH CATHOLICS APATHETIC?

By E. ALLISON PEERS

THE BURDEN of many comments on the religious situation in Spain is that the "most Catholic country in Europe" might have been expected to have protested much more efficaciously against the establishment of an anti-clerical régime and the acts of injustice which it has since committed. Why, it is asked, did Catholic electors abstain from voting in April, since it is known that, had they gone to the polls in strength, the establishment of the republic, even in the large towns, could not have been given so much as the semblance of being the people's will? Why did they stand by silently, in May, and see churches, monasteries and establishments of various kinds belonging to the religious orders attacked or burned down without making a protest? Why, above all, has it not been possible to make more effective opposition to the iniquitous articles of the new Constitution dealing with the Church, education and marriage?

The object of this article is to show that Spanish Catholics, during this crisis, have not been lacking in courage, and, though faced with one perplexing, and, for the most part, unexpected situation after another, have behaved with dignity and propriety as well as with determination. But, before going farther, it may be as well to point out that, in the kaleidoscopic changes of the last ten years in Spain, others have laid themselves open to the same accusations as the Catholic party. Where was the courage of the Liberals during the early years of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship? All the principles which they loudly profess to cherish were trampled upon, in the interests (said the dictator) of national unity and progress. Individuals protested, and were exiled, but there were no such united protests as have been made by Catholics under the present régime, until the natural and inevitable reaction against the dictatorship had set in strongly. To take one more example, the Catalonians were treated by Primo de Rivera with a tyranny and contempt to which insult was gratuitously added by the puerility of its manifestations. Their century-long aspirations to an autonomy which they had known in the far-off past were flouted; their privileges (to say nothing of subsidies and educational grants) were taken away; their language was proscribed in public and the very names of their streets were altered by authority from Catalan to Castilian. Yet the Catalonians endured all this with such unanimity that there were those who believed the Catalan problem to be

It is unfortunate, nevertheless a fact, that the proponents of violence are most apt to make the headlines in the press. This seems to be an almost inescapable feature of news, and one which often does gross injustice to the large, total aspects of certain situations, such as the one in Spain at present. The many who forbear, who are quiet and who go about their business, never make the impression at a little distance that do those who shout, storm, kill and burn. Mr. Peers gives us an insight into the lives and the hopes of people who have exemplified a Christian spirit in the face of difficulties.—The Editors.

solved! The truth is that Spaniards are by nature thoroughgoing individualists and do not easily band themselves together in a common cause. Without a leader, they are lost; and even a dynamic leader can often fail to unite them. They lend themselves easily to dictatorships. On the whole, they were happy under Primo de Rivera, and, on the whole, they will be happy under the next dictator, of whatever political complexion, who establishes himself. Whatever party in Spain is judged must be judged with that fact in mind. It goes to the heart of the Spanish character.

I come now to the specific charges brought against the Spanish Catholics. That they failed to vote in April was due entirely to the disbelief in the possibility of serious results. It had been announced repeatedly and emphatically that the April elections were for municipal offices only and that parliamentary elections would be held in June. Three days before the April polling, the uppermost question in the press was whether the elections would be "sincere" or no—not a word was said about the possibility of their having serious national consequences. The Republicans themselves had no belief that they would gain their desires before June: how much less would their opponents believe it!

When we consider the violence of reaction from a seven years' period of complete absolutism, we may be surprised that the Cortes which met in July contained as large a proportion of Catholics as it did. Such pressure was put by the republic on its opponents that only one deputy declared himself a Monarchist, a second taking the title of "Monarchist without a King." But the whole of the National Action group is potentially a Monarchist group, and strongly Catholic; the "Agrarian" party is no less so; while all the Basque (including the Navarran) deputies and many of the Catalonians, swelled the minorities in divisions where the anti-clericals triumphed until the approval of the notorious Article XXIV (originally numbered XV) decided them to leave the House and devote themselves to the rallying of opinion in the country.

One more proof of growing Catholic cohesion is the remarkable result of the by-election held on October 4. The Catholic candidate was the young Marquis of Estella, son of the late dictator, whose very candidature would have been unthinkable in June. Alarmed by the prospect of his success, the entire Republican forces closed against him and set up one of the most

redoubtable opponents imaginable, D. Manuel B. Cossío, who has repeatedly been named as future President of the republic. In spite of this, the young marquis polled 28,000 votes against Señor Cossío's 56,000, and the fly-sheet which he issued as an election address, a copy of which lies before me, is the boldest print that I have seen in Spanish since the Revolution.

That Catholics failed to rally to the defense of the churches and monasteries last May is undoubtedly due to their complete lack of organization (which is now being remedied) and the fact that they were completely taken by surprise. Not only have they been allowed to live in peace for so long that few of them can remember the persecutions of the nineteenth century, but the entirely peaceful advent of the republic had left them quite unprepared for such an alarming display of violence as came three weeks after the Revolution. In such circumstances, it is hard to say what country would have given a better account of itself.

Nor have the leaders of the Spanish Catholics failed to act with resolution; the worst reproach that can be brought against them is one of precipitateness. On the ecclesiastical side, the Archbishop of Toledo and the Bishop of Vitoria, both now in exile, stood up boldly for the Church even before it had been definitely attacked. The former's pastoral letter, which led to his expulsion from Spain, was published exactly three weeks after the Revolution. When it was announced that he had left the country, there was some criticism of his action, outside Spain; it soon became clear, however, that he had acted under compulsion, and the circumstances of his return, detention and re-expulsion, which were but preliminaries to his unfortunate resignation of his see, are well within memory.

The Catholic press of Madrid was active from the first, and was subjected to a harsher persecution than any which the radical press had to suffer under the dictatorship. The *Debate* was suspended for several days and *A.B.C.* for several weeks; more recently a large group of Catholic periodicals in the Basque provinces have been suspended. That is the honorable record of one branch of Catholic lay leadership. The other branch, that of the parliamentary party, has been equally resolute. From the beginning, Señor Alcalá Zamora and Señor Maura, respectively Prime Minister and Home Secretary in the first Republican government, proclaimed themselves as practising Catholics, who would have nothing to do with any policy involving dissolution and spoliation of the religious orders and other anti-clerical proposals of the Socialist party. True to their word, they resigned their portfolios as soon as the articles which did violence to their principles were approved. It is hardly realized abroad how courageous was this act. The first government had determined to hold together till the Constitution should be completed and the first President of the republic elected. Several other resignations had been proffered between April and

October, but almost superhuman force had been exerted to secure their withdrawal, on every occasion successfully. The religious question alone was felt strongly enough to split the government: we may rejoice that religious convictions in high places have more power than party ties.

The situation is grave for the Church in Spain, but more hopeful in fact than would appear from a casual perusal of the newspaper. Señor Alcalá Zamora is being urged to turn aside from party politics so that he may stand as the government's official candidate for the Presidency. If he does so, he should be elected, and worse Presidents might be found for what (in spite of Señor Azaña's ridiculous attempt to prove the contrary in the Cortes) is still a Catholic country. More important, Catholic opinion is hardening rapidly round the leadership of Señor Maura, who at the end of last month made a vigorous appeal to Conservatives of all shades of thought to "organize and fight." Most significant of all is the "revisionist" movement, which is gathering strength daily through the activities of the Catholic deputies in the provinces, and aims at securing an unmistakable popular demand for a thoroughgoing revision of the anti-religious articles of the Constitution. A typical mass meeting, held at Palencia a month ago, assembled 28,000 Catholics from the city and surrounding districts, who pledged themselves, amid scenes of great enthusiasm, to form "a compact and united bloc like that which has been formed by our enemies." Such calls to Catholic Action have not been heard in Spain since the Revolution; it seems as though the "revisionists" will initiate the second stage in the history of the Second Republic.

The Reluctant One

(Matthew, xxi, 29-31)

No painter ever drew,
No poet ever sang this scowling one.
Even the Pharisee has had his due,
But not the surly and reluctant son.

I am the very man:
Defiant, yet not failing at the test;
Snarling "I go not!" afterwards I ran
To serve, and wrung the rock and tore my breast.

The glad alacrity
Of generous souls, this never can be mine;
Nor mine my brother's bland hypocrisy:
"I go, Sir!" yet of service not a sign.

Therefore I live my life
In bleakest bitterness, and make each task
The bloody close of long internal strife—
Itself the only wage I dare to ask.

Would I could say, "I go";
By eagerness make service value more!
But only Thou, my Father God, dost know
How hard the rock I wrung, the breast I tore.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

THE LEGACY OF PLATO

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE AGE warns each of us against the Sophists. To beware of thinking thought dry. To resist the seeming charms of disbelief. To look for truth in conviction rather than in being convinced. Such are a few of the maxims to which at length, after a debauch in the purely relative, modern humanity is giving half-hearted attention. But unfortunately the feeling that we have "neglected morality and the soul" appears to go hand in hand with the easy notion that concern with these can somehow be appended, like a nosegay, to the really serious and practical business of life. One who takes certain recent preachers (Professor Beard, for instance) at face value, may easily fancy that ten minutes of calisthenic exercises in "morality" every day would enable the practical man of affairs to set the ancient top of earth spinning right again.

And so we may be thankful, indeed, that the whole earnestness of resistance to the Sophist has been set forth in a philosophy which, however little blared abroad by the trumpets of the day, is one of the great events of current news. I have now read, with all possible care, Dr. Paul Elmer More's "Greek Tradition" (Princeton: Princeton University Press) from one end to the other of its six volumes; and it is an obligation to join with those who believe that in it, for the first time, America has produced a philosophic work of the highest order. If we as a people were not so utterly befogged and befuddled, it would not be necessary to make that assertion somewhat boldly here. Everybody would have heard about it long since. But these books run so directly counter to what has recently passed for intellectual distinction that one must, no doubt, be grateful for such stir as they have created. First of all, they make no effort to include the findings of physical science in a "system" or to charm universal being out of the hat of an epistemology. Secondly, they are eclectic in the finest sense of the term—eclectic in the sense of critical intuition of the finest ideas to which the race has come with now incalculable effort—and not contentedly "original." Third, they constitute a reaffirmation of the Christian faith, in no tepid, compromising way but to a degree which is almost an unreserved credo in the Catholic faith.

Thus humanism, of which there has been so much discussion, makes at once its boldest challenge and its most significant act of humility. It will take issue with the modern world by reckoning with that wholeheartedly; and at the same time it will abandon any pretension, here and there attributed to it, of being "a new light" to men already so troubled with abounding radiance which does not endure. In what follows I shall try to offer no more than a brief explanation and evocation of these books. Such criticism as is offered necessarily lacks completeness, and such conclusions as

I shall formulate are tentative. For example, so inexperienced a theologian as myself could not possibly try to point out where the doctrine of Dr. More deviates from the system—real or imagined—of Catholic doctrine. This is nothing more, then, than a journalist's report, or an artist's thumbnail sketch. Others can eventually do more.

These six books were not written in a day. "Platonism," the first, appeared in 1917 and was subsequently revised. It is an effort to show that Plato, in following out the Socratic quest for that spiritual authority which gives positive response to the soul's intellectual scepticism, arrived at a dualistic solution of the contraries present in experience and so at the central truth of what, for two thousand years, the world has revered as civilization. This dualism reposes fundamentally upon recognition of the two seemingly irreconcilable principles which man finds in himself, and upon the right understanding of which his choice (in whatever way defined) between justice and injustice will depend. Such understanding is, however, meaningless if the world as a whole be not similarly dualistic. Plato accordingly proposes recognition of "two kinds of cause, the one of necessity, the other divine," and argues that the first is required for the sake of the second. Thereby a religion is evoked to supply what human realism demands.

This religion is discussed in the second volume, "The Religion of Plato," first published in 1921 and since revised. Very briefly stated, the Platonic argument is much like Cardinal Newman's, excepting that the theory of conscience differs with the two writers. The great Greek reasoned to the effect that experience shows how happiness results from the right ordering of the soul's life, and then reasoned from need and by analogy to the right adjustment between man and God. His was not, therefore (as Dr. More shows in one of his most effective sections), the "as if" motive for belief which actuates the pragmatist, but the "since one is—the other also is" of the true dualist. Whether or not Plato actually established all the axioms which are attributed to him in this book is a nice question but not an important one. With texts as old and frequently as obscure as these, no interpretation is beyond doubt. But it may justly be claimed that no other study of the "Dialogues" is more scrupulous, both textually and inferentially, than this; and that Dr. More's has found in them a consistent doctrine far transcending in value what has normally been offered as a Platonic philosophy.

The impressiveness of this interpretation lies in the fact that it succeeds, better than any other conception of which I have any knowledge, in bringing order into what must otherwise be a chaos of world religions.

The following passage is, from this point of view, so effective a summary that quotation is imperative:

In Platonism the emphasis lies heavily on the union of other-worldliness and morality in a philosophy of ideas. That is the beginning of religion, its anchor, its hope, its last refuge of assurance; it carries, Plato would say, its own irrefragable conviction to the open and seeing mind, and requires no testimony in revelation. It is, if both are rightly understood, in harmony with the great faith of the Orient, and might not improperly be called a poetical version of the Buddhistic doctrine of karma; it has given, and always will give, the assurance of faith to the true sceptic. The risk of such a philosophy is that it may not grasp the personality of God and the existence of free spirits in the world of ideas, and so, through an imperfect theology and mythology, may become inhuman and more speculative than practical. Christianity, though among the wiser doctors it never loses its grasp of the Platonic idealism, takes its start not in philosophy but in mythology, and draws its confidence from the revelation of a personal God through the historic event, or, if you choose so to regard it, the dogma, of the Incarnation. In that union of two natures, divine and human, in one person, a complete philosophy will discern, enacted as it were in a cosmic drama, the last expression of the mystery, the beginning of which lies in the dualism of mind and matter.

A brilliant young Jesuit thinker, the Reverend Francis J. Burke, has I think quite conclusively shown (in "The New Scholasticism") that this interpretation conforms most impressively with the Vatican Council's definition of faith. But before any such unification as is here suggested could be achieved, Greek philosophy was destined to pass through its later phases and the Christian revelation had to come as God's most precious gift. The first of these events is dealt with in Dr. More's third volume, "Hellenistic Philosophies," which appeared in 1923. This work is important, perhaps, chiefly because modern deviations from a Platonically informed Christianity are shown to be present, in essence, in corruptions of Platonism by the later Greek thinkers. The fine section on scepticism is, for example, more than incidentally a thesis holding that Sextus Empiricus anticipated the conclusions advanced by Kant. If then, more generally, we test Platonism by its ancient rivals we reach a satisfactory modern view of its significance. As a whole this volume seems to me both the most ambitious and the least wholesome in the series, for reasons which I shall endeavor to state briefly later on.

The Christian revelation is dealt with in two books: "The Christ of the New Testament" (1924) and "Christ the Word" (1927). No doubt the sincere Catholic, reading these packed but admirably lucid treatises, will be appalled at seeing the length to which Dr. More goes in repudiating fundamentalism. But neither was written, neither should be read, as the simple statement of a son of the Church. Rather it is a case of doing something more necessary, perhaps, for the modern time. Adopting the Socratic attitude of absolute scepticism, the author finds his way to the

Gospels through the critics. Nothing they have alleged or proved is left unconsidered, in the daring hope that spiritual affirmation must, in order to live permanently, survive the wrestling bout with inquisitive rationalism. The conclusions—on the whole soundly positive, though Dr. More seems to have gone farther than need be here and there in conceding points to the opposition—are remarkably well sustained. "Not Christianity alone is at stake in our acceptance or rejection of the Incarnation, but religion itself." To have made this so clear that doubting it in the name of philosophy or comparative religion will henceforth require vastly more effort than has been needed in America for nearly two generations, means rendering a service which is blessed because, like the best redemptive efforts of mankind, it is reason's act of faith, hope and charity in unison.

With the final volume, just published, on "The Catholic Faith," Dr. More's differences from those who, like me, see in the Catholic Church Christ's abiding life on earth, are made clear. But his is an attitude of friendship, not of repudiation. He shows first of all the universality of the faith, by making the ends of the earth proclaim its glory. Since Buddhism is Christianity's only possible rival, it follows that, if it can be seen as "a preface to the Gospel," world testimony will be complete. This study is then carried out with a dignity and incisiveness which put easy modern Catholic essays on the subject to shame. One anxiously hopes that this section will be given the widest possible reading. We are then asked to examine the doctrinal content of the Catholic faith (the creeds) and the sacramental content (the Eucharist). Later there follows a study of Christian mysticism, influenced not a little by the humanist doctrine of measure. In between there has been sandwiched the now well-known discussion of the Church, which narrows itself into a critique of the papal claims, in which Dr. More sees a materialization of the "Demon of the Absolute." This halt at the threshold is not astonishing. To some extent it is dictated by the thinker's own long search, which quite naturally engenders an attitude of mind not immediately transformable into what is termed "submission." I am sorry that it should be so, but quarreling with it would be futile and ridiculous. At most one can say: how can we now, on the assumption that Newman weakly abandoned his intellectual independence, seek to hold a position which he himself was convinced would perennially remain untenable? Does not that risk absolutizing an assumption as against his (hypothetical) absolutizing of inference?

My concern here is simply with philosophy. To outline a critique of the "Greek Tradition" is impossible, and I content myself with the barest kind of positive and negative summary. For more reasons than one, these books call to mind, of all things, Rousseau's "Profession de foi du vicaire savoyard." Dr. More's answer to this remark will probably be a challenge. But it is none the less true that poor Jean-Jacques, hard

pressed by the scepticism engendered by the "philosophers," did also seek a refuge in dualism. "But man is double," he declared almost in despair, clinging firmly to that conscience which never speaks untruth, and struggling to find confirmation of it in the soul's immortality and God's providence. And it has long seemed to me that this wandering, wavering Genevan, who little knew what to make of Scripture criticism and monism but who *did at his own peril declare them insufficient because man is man*, must hold out a hand across the centuries to the scholar who, with incomparably greater learning and skill, now proves the theses which he once tried to defend. In a very striking way the More point of view may be termed the culmination, in a new classic eclecticism, of the Romantic quest; and even its defects are to a not inconsiderable extent those of Rousseau.

To state my opinion of what these defects are is not easy. In the main, two objections can be raised. First, does not Mr. More restrain his dualism from including other dualistic forms almost equally rich in suggestiveness? For instance, the paradox of man's loneliness and thirst for companionship—the mystery of the soul's blended individuality and communicativeness—is, as realized intuitively, surely the basis upon which Christian mysticism, in its more enthusiastic moments, has reposed. There is thus stressed the secret of that "vocation" to especial intimacy with God which Plotinus certainly sensed in spite of his exaggerations, and to which the saints responded sometimes almost against their will. The result will often sound like monism and yet merely be awe. This truth—and there are others akin to it—does not seem to me inconsistent with Platonic dualism, though it may not be expressly stated by it; and I wonder whether Dr. More's synthesis would not be richer if its orthodoxy (in the philosophic sense) were less exclusive.

Which brings me to the second objection. Is there not occasionally evident in Dr. More's writing a tendency to use the dialectic knife as an executioner rather than as a surgeon? He is so excellent a fencer, particularly when acting as a critic of the critics, that succumbing to the pleasure of his own skill may well be *his* demon of the absolute. Thus the repudiation of Aristotle's theological argument from causality, on the ground that it seeks to prove by observation of physical facts something that transcends and even gainsays our physical experience, is tenable since Aristotle's Unmoved Mover is a pure abstraction. But as the argument is restated and enriched in mediaeval philosophy, it has a wholly different account to give of itself and becomes as useful a corroboration of dualistic thought as any reasoning I know. Similarly (to take just one instance), it is of course correct, from my point of view, to say that Lutheranism is a dilution, essentially dangerous, of the Christian faith. But to declare that Lutheranism is necessarily the death blow to all religion is, I think, quite demonstrably false. Personally I conceive of the issue in the form of a question:

would the Catholic faith prefer a surrounding society foresworn to Luthern Protestantism, or a surrounding society committed to the doctrine of John Dewey? The answer must be overwhelmingly in favor of the first, simply because of the concrete evidence available. You might as well refuse to join Dr. Johnson in kicking the stone which will put idealism to rout as to deny that, actually and historically, the Protestant has shared in the Catholic faith. This co-possession is even true of Kant, and to a far greater extent of Hegel. It may well be that when one envisages either of these thinkers in a purely idealistic tableau the comparative verdict will be drastically negative; but historically and actually again, that verdict is to the Catholic Christian impossible. These then, are some of the reasons why I accuse Dr. More's dialectic of at least occasional absolutism—or even of an ingrained tendency to absolutism.

But when these and other objections have been raised, one is glad to bow in sincere esteem of this magnificent achievement. It seems to be a picking up, in a manner which will not seem utterly fortuitous, of the American thread where that was lost. For to anyone who knows a little of the intellectual and spiritual history of this country—of its solid thinking and of its imagination—it must in a measure become apparent that the English were embarked on a spiritual quest for nothing less than the Catholic faith. How should they have remained contentedly Anglican, or merely Puritan? Little by little there appeared the ingredients of a new synthesis, to be achieved when Romanticism had loosened the rationalistic bonds imposed by Calvin and the dissenting English divines. The drift is clear in Emerson; Hawthorne's imagination is headed for the right goal; the affirmation which followed Brownson's scepticism is still impressively obvious. What happened since—the whole career of the *mésalliance* between pragmatism and mechanistic evolutionism—then became master of the field, and veritably appeared to have ended the spiritual history of the United States. I think that Dr. More has, with one gigantic effort, made this history live again. Now if we who are Catholics do not fail to keep the appointment, this life may endure.

Late

Oh. I'm a hardy plant at last—
A kind of tough pot-marigold
That blossoms after autumn frost
And even into winter cold.

Not lovely like the satin shells
Of pink and cream Eschscholtzias,
Not hope alive like daffodils
Or fiery like Jerusalem cross.

A humble stubborn hanger-on,
Too indestructible to cower;
A filler-in before the fern;
A flower to find because a flower.

DOROTHY LEONARD.

HOME'S LAST INDUSTRY

By HARYOT HOLT DEY

THE HOME has acknowledged no sense of defeat as the industries have filed out, one by one, into the factories. The machine age outside the home and the machine age inside the home have released the home-maker from toil. Her only remaining bit of constructive work is in connection with the child. Now the signs say that this last industry is passing.

There are five federal agencies in Washington to deal with children's affairs. There is also an unofficial establishment created in 1929 and supported by private funds, composed of four great sections and eighteen different committees on child health and protection.

It must be conceded that there are children's affairs, else these committees had not been formed, officially and unofficially. Statistics prove that there are children in appreciable numbers, and also homes in which they live, homes supported by the 500,000 strap-hangers wending their way at nightfall to the 500,000 homes where 500,000 dinners are being prepared for them. Despite the apprehensions of the committees of theorists, the home is not entirely on the rocks. Also there are still groups of children who dash down the street to meet daddy at nightfall, each one to be lifted in turn into his arms and perhaps one to be carried home on his shoulder in the old-fashioned way—the way that never finds recognition in the propaganda that phrases into shape easily, convincingly.

The constructive work to be done in the home is limited since the industries filed out one by one into the factories, leaving the home no longer an industrial center. The machine age outside and the machine age inside, carefully worked out and commercialized by the creative minds of men with the idea of lightening the labor of the home woman, have changed the conditions, and have come to stay. But one bit of constructive work remains for the house mother to do, and that work is with the child.

A variety of forces are active, accompanied by persuasive propaganda, in proving that the modern mother is a total loss unless she is taken in hand and revised to fit modern standards. The scientists are rampant on the subject of the child, and since the layman has due respect for science, and stands with his hat in his hand in the august presence of the precursors of the new era in child rearing, an issue is at hand.

The local movement is subtle. Mr. Bertrand Russell, hailed as one of the world's modern philosophers but recently departed from our shores, came to us with the message about the children's education. His school in Europe takes them at the age of three to equip them for life. I, personally, know of one young mother who, intrigued by the modernity of Professor Russell's message, at once entered her children in his school, one child of four years and the other seven years of age,

and sent them across the Atlantic in the care of the stewardess. Round-eyed and wondering at the novelty of the great ship, the babes bade good-bye casually to a dry-eyed mother, and started on this quest of a life equipment. Women have ever risen to extreme heights of self-denial in the cause of duty.

In view of the fact that science is arranging to take over the child as a neglected study, many points of interest have been revealed. A score or more of scientists are in the vanguard of progress. The searchlight on the mothers proves them a failure, and the mothers, cowed and defenseless, are silent before their accusers. The answer is that the state must rescue the child from the devastating influence of being loved too well, lest the child have a mother fixation, and surrender to apron-string government. Men generally have had an attitude toward the child different from the woman's attitude, and it is on account of this attitude that science is casting about for rules that will correct her misconceived methods, and draw her to a sane and unemotional viewpoint. The doctors, the educators, the biologists, the psychologists, the sociologists, the psychoanalysts, the psychiatrists, the behaviorists and the atheists have coördinated their views, and while the child is the principal feature in the equation, and there is still no uprising on the part of the mothers, there is the unknown quantity which science has overlooked.

The Mothers Clubs and the Parents Associations (composed of the mothers) assembled to listen to the lectures on psychology. The important point in the psychology of child training is that the child must never be forbidden to express himself. "Don't" is the lost word. The young mothers listen with cordial awe. It is new and they realize that they have been doing it all wrong. The rules bearing on self-expression have put to rout the traditional rules inculcating obedience. It sounds easy enough, but there is a mix-up somewhere. A little learning is still a dangerous thing, so when the child defaces the books, pulls up the neighbors plants by the roots, tears the shingles from the new garage next door, activities that once classified as mischief, the rights of others disregarded, the destructiveness is respected as self-expression. Thus the child is later to drive the whole family tandem, while the mother, under the tutelage of the psychologist, defends her family pests, and the long-suffering neighbors hesitate to create an issue that must result in strained relations.

Diet has become as serious as a religious rite, and here comes the influence of the doctor. When the angel child eats a piece of bacon without being persuaded, the house welkin rings with the news. Unimportant incidents assume an absorbing importance.

Finally when the limelight child refuses to eat, he is taken to a psychoanalyst, and the mystery deepens. There is no scientific solution to this mysterious condition, other than a complex or an inhibition. The calories, proteins, proteids, carbohydrates and the alphabetical vitamins enter into the dietaries, and the problem of the conscientious mothers grows appallingly. The scientific answer is that the mothers are unfit, and the child should be removed, rescued from the home.

The mothers are not the only ones to admit feeling impressed by what they fail to understand. Even advanced scientists hesitate before Dr. Einstein's "parallel displacement" of his fifth dimension. Calories and vitamins are words, just words, in the minds of anxious young mothers who feel the burden of responsibility. The mothers are confused, but they are still eager to keep step with progress, and talking it over among themselves, they are likely to distort the rules that might now and then make concessions to the traditions.

A little story taps for admission here.

When I lived in the country the editor of a mothers' magazine came to visit me, bringing Charles Henry who was two years old. He was a hollow-eyed, wailing mite, with legs that dangled as he was carried on his mother's arm. The doctor had advised country air. The first morning at breakfast the mother, editor of a mothers' magazine, deposited a bottle of food tablets at Charles Henry's plate, explaining that he was on a diet. Yes, he could have a little unseasoned breakfast cereal. The male members of the family were fit to be tied, as they watched the proceedings. The story is too long for here. On the third day (the family men said something had to be done) Charles Henry and I had a party in the butler's pantry behind the door. We had bread and milk with sugar in it. Charles Henry was amazed to find what life was for, as he smacked his lips, and opened his mouth like a baby robin. Charles Henry was too young to talk, but he followed me around like a shadow. Every day we had the party, and his eyes began to come out of their sockets, his wailing ceased, his little face grew round, and his legs too firm to dangle. When the editor of the mother's magazine took him back to the city, the doctor approved of him and said it was wonderful what country air would do for a child. The bread and milk with sugar in it was my secret and Charles Henry's, and when she took him away he held out his arms to me and cried manfully.

The traditional rules have no standing, and the scientific theories are predominant. Fear of germs and microbes is thoroughly instilled into the minds of the mothers. Witness this: A young mother was wheeling her baby in the park. Along came an admiring lady who expressed her admiration by taking the baby's hand in her own. The agitated mother protested hysterically, rushed home, scrubbed the little hand with antiseptic, and watched for a week to see what might happen. This is not the end of the story. In relating

this incident to three young mothers, they chorused in the same breath that they should not allow any strange person to touch their babies. So I was wrong again, as usual.

The family baby as a home industry with no joy in it cannot long survive. Neither can any institution be a blessing to the community when love is not in it. Psychology can never supersede love successfully, for love has the largest endowment fund and the longest pay-roll on record. Psychology and love are the antipodes of each other.

Metaphysicians who aim to impersonalize human relations claim that a mother's love is merely the selfish desire to perpetuate her kind, coupled with the fear that she will not be represented in a forthcoming generation. Biologists promote the idea that in imparting to her offspring nature's balanced ration the mother releases a sex emotion. Behaviorists hale the new-born infant into the laboratories to study it from the age of four hours: the turn of an elbow; the twitch of a knee; why it puts its fist in its mouth; all, all important to science. (Dr. John B. Watson explains in his lectures why he puts snakes in his baby's bed. The reactions are important.) The traditions that have been satisfied to let the newly born, unbleached baby, wrapped in warm, dry flannels, sleep for the first few weeks after its advent into atmospheric existence, have been cast aside by the test laboratories when it is possible to secure a subject for experimentation, motions recorded on charts, printed in scientific books.

The atheists advance the idea that the child must be brought up unaware of the Supreme Being in order to teach the child self-reliance. Some will forswear giving the child a name, in order to allow him to select one to his own liking later on. These are a few of the influences working toward the disintegrating of home life. The well-intentioned mother who allows her common sense to be sidetracked by the theories and rules of pseudo-scientists finds herself in a jungle of confused ideas, following a trail where there are no ideals. Now and again she reverts mentally to her mother's Victorian methods, perhaps wondering how it happened that those antiquated methods turned out so successfully. There were no admonishing theorists during her mother's time to tell her how to do it, no shelf in the public library containing volumes on child culture; but there was an inherent, instinctive knowledge of ideals and principles of right that made for character as an equipment with which to meet the problems of life, rules pertaining to reverence, respect for parents, obedience, truth, honesty and the other fruits of the spirit. The modern scientist discounts obedience as a factor in the formation of character, claiming that mutiny in childhood tends to leadership in manhood. Many theories worked out agreeably, convincingly, on paper are found to be undemonstrable in practice.

Mr. A. A. Milne says the job of being a father has been the hardest one he has ever tackled. How he electrified the world with his poem, "Christopher

Robin Is Saying His Prayers"! John Habberton made a place for himself in the literary world with his story, "Helen's Babies." Left to care for his children one afternoon, he found material in tracing their mental processes that inspired a beautiful story that has lived for half a century. Mr. E. S. Martin in his essay on "Central Park" recommends that a statue be placed there in memory of countless nursemaids who care for their charges day after day, years after year, generation following generation, patient, reliable nursemaids whose virtues are unhonored and unsung. He would memorialize them in a monument, a sculptor's design carved in marble or cast in bronze. It was an appreciative idea in the field of gentle, emotional satire, and it rang true.

A young artist who painted the camouflage tints on battleships during the war, confided in me that he longed for little children, a group of them to visit with, to climb over him in his hours of leisure, but he wanted no interfering wife, and he added that he knew half a dozen fellows with the same idea. He admitted that the idea didn't click. The implication is too long for here. Show me the man who could stand by, even in

an emergency, and associate with his little children, enjoyably, patiently, for a whole day.

Yes, there is one such man. You could have seen him any day last summer on the Drive or in the Park with an express wagon filled with a portable family. He was young, and his wife was tired of the baby, all day, all days. In answer to her complaining, he suggested that they exchange jobs. She was having too much of home and baby; he too little of home and baby. This was an idea. She was an efficient office woman, so she was equipped. Agreed.

The first day in the park was a picnic. He had bottles of milk and other housekeeping things along with the baby in a toy express wagon. The neighbors fell in with his idea, and one after another persuaded him to take their children along. He found himself with a group, four of them. This called for a larger express wagon and more housekeeping things. He said he had a grand time and a full day, and made as much money at home as he had in the office. There was no psychology about it; just service; along with the motherhood that is to be discovered in some men's unscientific hearts.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY

By JOSEPH B. CODE

THE PRINCIPLE of Aristotle that "the good tends to diffuse itself" has a modern application in the remarkable growth and development of the Sisters of Mercy. Indeed, the spread of this institute has but few parallels in the history of the Church or in the annals of charity and education. Where one hundred years ago but three of these religious labored in the city of Dublin, today more than ten thousand conduct hundreds of charitable and educational institutions in Europe, Australia and the two Americas. The community had its beginning December 12, 1831, when Catherine McAuley and two companions knelt before the Archbishop of Dublin to take their vows as the first members of a new order dedicated to the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. The one hundredth anniversary of this important event is being commemorated this year wherever Sisters of Mercy are laboring, not by Catholics alone but by thousands outside of the Church, for the work of Mother McAuley is recognized as of the highest social benefit to the world in general. They have made society their debtor, not only because of their efficient work in the fields of education and social service, but also because of the inspiration and encouragement they have given to thousands of others who are engaged in activities similar to theirs. The Church joins today with the daughters of Mother McAuley in thanking God for the success with which He has crowned their century of labors.

Cardinal Newman, personal friend of the foundress,

said that from the very beginning of her institute the finger of God was clearly manifest in it. Strange to say, however, when she began her work she had no intention of founding the Sisters of Mercy. But so great was the need for religious teachers among the poor of the city, and so appalling the sufferings of the people, that the mode of living she adopted the better to carry out her work of education and charity led her almost unwittingly into the establishment of her religious organization. Clearly this was the will of God, for the task at hand was so gigantic that it required of those who were to assume it the graces that only the religious life can offer. It was not a question of the need of mere philanthropy, but of a charity to be dispensed by an organization that would receive its wisdom from members striving for spiritual perfection. Help must come from the hills, that the valleys of ignorance and misery be filled.

Catholic Emancipation had just freed Ireland of the Penal Laws, the gibbet on which the country had been crucified for generations. Heretofore, any attempt to bring relief to the suffering people would have incurred the severest penalties; but with the removal of these restrictions came an era of the sublimest possibilities to souls like Catherine McAuley. Anyone who reads the fascinating story of how this woman, finding herself in possession of a considerable fortune, determined to use it in the service of the poor, of how the example of her personal holiness drew to her side other heroic women as assistants in her work

of charity, of how in planning to organize a group of secular ladies who might devote their leisure time to the instruction of the poor she suddenly discovered that she had established a conventual society, can plainly see that the foundation of the Sisters of Mercy is a manifestation of God's unfailing Providence. Just when Ireland stood in sore want of a leader to champion Christian education and to take care of the poor, Catherine McAuley was His answer to the prayers offered Him by a suffering people. Her story, combining as it does a heroic personal sanctity with an unusually broad vision for the needs around her, is another proof of how God makes use of His creatures in His plan of salvation.

The phenomenal growth of the Order of Mercy and the unusual success that has attended the efforts of its members, are due, next to God's blessing, to the ideals put into it by Mother McAuley. To appreciate something of the principal forces that contributed to the spread of the congregation within the comparatively short period of a century, one must be familiar with Mother McAuley's famous ideals for her institute.

First of all she infused into it her idea of spiritual perfection. In fact, she made the perfection of the individual the first ideal of mercy, and devoted the first chapter of the rule to a discussion of this foundation stone of her organization. "In vain can we hope to attract souls to God, unless our own hearts be first attracted to Him," she writes in the beginning of her rule; and then by her life proceeds to show her Sisters that their power of drawing souls to God depends upon their spiritual perfection.

The nearer a soul is united to God, the closer is it bound to every member of His creation. Mother McAuley's second ideal was that of Christian education. It flowed directly from her intense love of her Creator. Sister Mary Hilda Miley, in her recent publication, "Ideals of Mother McAuley and Their Influence," says:

God . . . decreed that she [Mother McAuley] should be a Christian educator in its highest interpretation—a religious teacher.

This was one hundred years ago. Yet if the principles Mother McAuley then followed and taught to her associates were gathered together today and published under a modern caption, the most critical reader would be forced to admit that they embody all that is demanded, and even more than is required, of present-day educators.

Mother McAuley's pedagogical principles were successful in her day and have stood the test of a hundred years because they are based upon the eternal principles of Christ: charity, humility, purity of intention, confidence in God, the cheerful acceptance of every duty of the school, prayer at all times, and the desire to make every lesson not unlike the perfect lessons taught by Him, the Divine Model of every Christian teacher.

Not content with practising only the spiritual works

of mercy, Mother McAuley made the corporal works the third ideal of her organization. In the chapter of her rule referring to the care of the poor and sick, she calls mercy "the principal path marked out by Jesus Christ for those who desire to follow Him." Mother McAuley walked that path long before she drew up the rules of conduct for her Sisters. She is an excellent model for the modern Christian social worker, one who should love and sympathize with the poor as did Christ; watch with them in their bitter hours of suffering and desolation; walk with them along their road to Calvary and help them carry their cross to the very heights of Golgotha; teach them how to suffer and to die just as Christ has done before them; picture for them the Mount of the Transfiguration and the glory that is Tabor's. All this Mother McAuley did and with a tender compassion that made her charges think of Galilee. Indeed, her practical understanding of the problems of the poor and suffering, and the efficacious means she employed to meet them, points her out as one of the greatest figures in the annals of charity.

Religious perfection, Christian education, and Christian social service work—these are the three principal ideals that Mother McAuley infused into her Order of Mercy. How well she succeeded may be gathered from the tributes paid her at her death by men whose appreciation of things spiritual were valuable. One ecclesiastic wrote that since the days of Saint Bridget, his country had seen no such benefactress. But the most convincing testimony of the effectiveness of Mother McAuley's ideals of mercy is the fact that they are being lived by 20,000 religious who, in turn, are leading others to spiritual greatness. This is not surprising, when one remembers the legacy left them by their mother at the time of her death:

My legacy to the order is charity; if you preserve the peace and union which have never yet been violated amongst us, you will feel, even in this world, a happiness which will surprise you, and which will be for you a foretaste of the bliss prepared for you in heaven. My only boast is that charity has never been broken amongst us.

Before Mother McAuley died, November 11, 1841, only ten years after the founding of her order, she was given the supreme happiness of having the seal of the Church placed upon it by the confirmation of its rules and constitution by Pope Gregory XVI. This papal approbation was the source of a certain amount of surprise in many quarters, in that the Church should place this recently founded order in the same category as her old established congregations. But, as the author of "Ideals of Mother McAuley," says:

. . . Holy Church, hearing the cry of Christ's poor, and convinced that "His mercy is above all His works," hastened to offer a home of love and comfort and happiness under the folds of the mantle of mercy.

This same year marked, also, the first call that came to Mother McAuley from far-off America. Much as she

longed to follow with her love and healing the poor Irish immigrants into their new land of promise, the multiplied demands at home forced her to confine her labors to Ireland.

The year following her death, however, it was found possible to carry out her last wishes by sending Sisters to the "foreign missions." Under the leadership of Mother Mary de Pazzi Delany, one of Mother McAuley's first associates, her Sisters answered the call that came to them from Newfoundland. One year later, at the request of the Right Reverend Michael O'Connor, first Bishop of Pittsburgh, seven others, headed by Mother Francis Xavier Warde, the first religious professed under the foundress, began their great work in the United States.

As a student in Rome, Bishop O'Connor had been given the task of translating the rules of the Order of Mercy into Italian. Impressed with Mother McAuley's trinity of ideals and the practical means outlined for their attainment, he saw in it a congregation of the highest possible value to the rising Church in the United States. No sooner had the Sisters begun their work in his see city, than Bishop O'Connor realized that he had made no mistake in his estimation of them. Shortly after their establishment in Pittsburgh, they began to spread into every section of the country opening schools, orphanages and hospitals, visiting the poor in their homes and the prisoners in gaol. During the cholera, yellow fever and influenza epidemics, as well as during the Civil War, they carried on a work of mercy that edified all classes of American citizens. Today, more than seven thousand Sisters of Mercy labor in practically every American diocese. Faithful to the ideals which their foundress infused into her order, they occupy a prominent place among the country's social service workers and educators. They are a glory to the Church in this country and an honor to their foundress. Thousands join with them in praying God to raise this "uncrowned Irish saint" to the honors of the altar.

Misfit

Five feet three and a half is he,
And his hair is greying and thin;
His face is white, and his blue eyes' light
Thick spectacles window in;
His brow is lined by the cares that bind
The slave to the gods of trade;
But he holds his head like men who tread
Where caste is proved by the blade!
There are telltale gleams on the fraying seams

Of his elbows and threadbare seat;
But ocean-blue is his necktie's hue,
And his worn shoes shine on his feet.
An elderly clerk, he plods to work—
But I somehow feel he was planned
To lunge and roar on a man-o'-war,
With a cutlass gripped in his hand!

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

SAINT ELIZABETH

By HUGH LANG

SEVEN HUNDRED years had passed on November 19, 1931, since Saint Elizabeth of Hungary and Thuringia went to her reward. No doubt the chief source of our veneration for her character lies in her piety and her desire to be separated from the world. But the tones which in our eyes add the final luster to her portrait are those of love.

It was always very difficult for her to surrender what we call natural affection. Indeed it is impossible for us to understand how painful this was to her. For she was distinguished by a really unparalleled power to love—a remarkably touching blend of strength and weakness, a magnanimous human sense. The finest kind of natural bond attached her to her husband. She suffered like a widow whenever her husband was absent for even as much as a day. She greeted him enthusiastically when he returned safe to her. The final parting from him was the most terrible pain which her nature was called upon to endure. When the duke rode off to the Holy Land, she went with him during three days, being unable to make up her mind to turn and go back. And for years after her decease, folk-poets were singing of this painful parting in the land of Thuringia. When the news of Ludwig's death reached her, she lay in a swoon for days. It may be, as some have said, that if her marriage had lasted longer, her love in the order of nature and her ascetic desire would have engaged in conflict that might have been beyond her strength. Essentially, she was not a woman of strong will but truly a creature of her heart.

That Elizabeth gave her own children to strange people and instead adopted little ones whose parents she knew nothing of, is not an argument against believing that mother love was essential to her character. She parted with her children only as a helpless widow must, in order not to draw them into the uncertainty of her own fate. And when outward circumstances were again in order, she decided upon the final parting with the youngest child, then only a year and a half old, not because she was wanting in love, but because she was afraid that her love might be too great—"that she might not acquire such an affection for the child that she would be prevented from doing God's service." She wished to make herself entirely free for an affection which does not rise from natural instinct but which is a love for Christ's sake, a love which in turn is revealed to Christ through one's brethren. The legend that she once placed a leper in her husband's bed, and that he had then found a crucifix there instead, has a deep symbolic significance: what Elizabeth did for the poor she did, in the spirit of age-old Christian faith, for the Saviour Himself. . . . And so she said to her maids as these were nursing the poorest of the sick, "How happy we are, now that we are permitted to bathe and clothe the Lord." It was the poor, crucified Saviour Whom she wished to shower with affection whenever she gave alms to the crowd.

Not yet twenty years of age, she had carried out relief work on a very large scale during the great famine of 1226 when the duke was attending the sessions of the Assembly in Cremona. Despite all her tenderness of heart, she was guided by the sound thought that he who will not work shall also not eat; and she knew how to distinguish the worthy from the unworthy, and so to prevent the misuse of her gifts. If it did not sound so professional, one could call her the inventor of productive unemployment relief.

She built bridges, improved roads so that the whole country might not be permanently impoverished because a momentary

crisis demanded the last reserves of money. That she knew how to evaluate sound organization in welfare work is proved by such facts as that she founded a hospital in Marburg with her own inheritance. Some of her contemporaries thought that Elizabeth was an "unaccomplished" woman, while others declared that she was "undoubtedly most clever." It is true that she was not learned enough to write history but she understood very well indeed how to make history, which knows her as the first woman of position and fortune to have devoted herself personally to the care of the poor and the sick. "Personal visitation" was always for her the most important thing in the care of the poor, and it became a really unexampled art as she practised it.

But to understand her thoroughly one must remember her ability to jest most amiably and to chat sweetly when she sat among children. What her maids tell us of her play among poor children who called her mother, is so charming and beautiful that no biographer has been able to improve upon the narrative. Nor has the fantasy of any poetic heart ever thought of a more attractive feast than that which took place on the day when she distributed six hundred coins among the poor. Those who had received the gift remained gathered round her poor little hut though the moon had already risen. Then she ordered that a fire should be lighted for them so that their joy might be complete; and these poor stepchildren of fortune, strangers to joy and singing, none the less chanted one song after another in her honor. But she stood at the window and tears ran down her cheeks as she said to her assistants: "Do you see? I have always told you that all we have to do is to make people happy." And she was happy with them.

Finally when one has looked at the portrait of Saint Elizabeth long and carefully, it becomes apparent that the light which lies so definitely on it is cast by a wonderfully unwavering cheerfulness. She was always "seemingly sad and yet constantly gay." She laughed merrily when she was chided for having cut the hair from the head of a man suffering from a contagious disease. She clapped her hands with joy when she could give food that she herself had honestly paid for to the poor. But why should we dwell on details which are characteristic of the lives of many good people when there is something else to say about Elizabeth, on the testimony of her maid, Irmingard, something quite unusual? "When she was particularly happy she often used to cry, and it seemed to us unusual that anybody should be happy and sorrowful at the same time. But her face never grew wrinkled and ugly as she wept. Rather the tears ran as if they came from a spring while her face remained pleasant and even joyful. And so she said of those who made a habit of puckering up their faces when they complained, that these apparently wanted to scare the Lord instead of giving to Him what they have in a mood of merriment."

This woman, tested by sorrow and bowed deep under the burdens of life, once gave this advice: "We must gladly suffer everything that is painful because we are like the grass which grows best when the rain pours hard. Of course, when it is flooded the grass is bent and pressed down so that the water running over it does no harm. But as soon as the rain ceases, then the grass straightens up again and stretches itself lustily with joy and pleasure. So we also must sometimes be cast down and humble in order that we may stand up again with happiness and pleasure."

Her energy simply ebbed away until she breathed her last in what seemed a sweet slumber. She was hardly twenty-four when she could set out on the journey "homeward" after she

had experienced the heights and depths of life as scarce another human being has.

Those who set themselves to gazing upon the finished portrait of her radiant soul will be moved by a thousand ideas and suggestions. There is only one that will concern us here—one that is particularly good for us. Let us consider the care-free magnanimity of her love, of which a world so terribly hedged in by the maxims of selfishness can no longer form an impression. Her greatness may aid us to get rid of that morbid fear that we could some time or other be too good. Perhaps she can tell us how to get rid of our tendency to shy away from too much love—which seems to be feared even within the Church.

When Count Montalembert began to write the life of Saint Elizabeth, he was suffering from the terrible blow that came with the condemnation of the work of his friend Lammenais and with the criticism with which some of his own writings had been received. Then it occurred to him to place over the first chapter of his biography this motto: "Quasi stella matutina in medio nebulae." And so the figure of Saint Elizabeth may console us like a morning star in these days of uncertainty, in this time which darkness best defines.

THE SOUND OF A YANKEE VOICE

By FRED SMITH

SINCE I had the privilege of listening to Robert Frost read from his poems, during this past summer, there recurs to me with new significance these words from the Van Doren brothers' judgment of him in that excellent compendium, "American and British Literature since 1890": "Behind all that he has to say may be heard the sound of a Yankee voice."

Never again shall I read the poems of Robert Frost without hearing also the sound of his voice. Unless one knows how to sound the words, emotionally, one has not really read his poems. This may be true, in some measure, of all poetry, yet there are degrees of difference. With some poets it is enough that we know their verse without becoming familiar with their voice to see the worth of it.

It has been said that not all poets know how to read their own poetry. This was said of Tennyson. It must have been true of Wordsworth, for Emerson tells us that when Wordsworth began to recite some of his poems he was "near to laugh. But recollecting that I had come far to see a poet, and that he was chanting poems to me, I saw that he was right and I was wrong, and gladly gave myself up to him."

The story is told in books that a poet of our time came through the Western states, "in preparation for his career . . . carrying with him his 'Rhymes To Be Traded for Bread.'" I have always counted that poet a very brave man. My understanding is that he offered to read his poems to any who would listen rewardingly. Poets such as this one know how to provide for their own necessities. Vachel Lindsay did it. And now, for another reason, Robert Frost does it. After hearing him I see that the need rests in his hearers as well as in himself. Sometimes a poet has to make his own constituency as well as his poems.

This I think is true in a special way of Robert Frost. Poetry, as he writes it, is something to be heard rather than read on a printed page. There are those whose sense of emotional tones is such as to lead them to read his poems aright, after some study. But, if one has the opportunity, I would recommend hearing the poet himself. He knows what he wants tonally, and is prepared to give it this emphasis.

Picture the scene as I saw it. A crowded theatre on the campus of a Western university. On the platform two men: one dressed obviously for the occasion; the other, not obviously so. This latter is the poet from the East. Some in that audience have been members of a seminar on "Poetry Writing" conducted by the poet, which was the chief reason for his being at the university. At least one member of that seminar is wondering if the poet will be heard through the building. As a professor, he is a man of quiet voice, given somewhat to soliloquy: high talk but not loud talk. If you would hear, you must listen. His manner of speech suggests that he would not intrude his opinions upon one. It is the voice of one who knows his own mind. To change yours, well, that is not his business. One must do that for himself.

Three afternoons in conversation such as this have been enough to show that there is such a thing as poetry according to Robert Frost. It has its own distinctive emphasis. Reading a pretty little thing, presented for criticism by one of his listeners, it was obvious that it failed to impress him. "The point is," he says, "how many emotional tones have you got?" The major part of one afternoon went all too quickly as he spoke at length about the emotional values in the "o" sounds. Some of us had not given much thought to anything beyond the long and short sounds of "o." We shall not think so naively again in this respect after hearing what this poet has to say.

But there he stands at the reading desk, after being suitably introduced by the appointed person. He talks with us awhile, turning meanwhile the pages of his poems. Then he stops suddenly. Here is the poem he is going to read: "Something there is that doesn't love a wall." He stops, repeats it, and then goes on with the poem. It was not repeated for effect or double emphasis. In the seminar he had told some of us, incidentally, that there was only one way to say the opening line of that poem. I surmise that there is only one way to say any line written by Robert Frost.

As he reads poem after poem one becomes conscious that one is listening now to *the* voice of Robert Frost. Here is a voice that is trumpet-toned. He is the announcer, but not the announcer schooled to a finely graded series of articulate sounds. It is something more than that. He probably has taken few lessons, if any, in elocution. I know what some professors of public speaking would say to him about his hands and feet. But for Robert Frost poetry, his poetry, is not a form of oratory. It is the elemental stuff called life. He is a voice. Unless you can hear, he cares not what you see. It is as if he were saying: "How many emotional tones do you feel?"

The impression I had of the poetry of Robert Frost as a reader of it was that here is a poet who knows that if men be separated by many things on the surface of life, there is a bridge deep down which makes one brotherhood. "Mending Wall" epitomizes the first; "The Tuft of Flowers" the latter. The last word that one can say of life is the best word. Robert Frost is a seeker of the last word. About his poetry there is a sense of finality which is deeper than a mere sense of fineness. One feels that here is more than fine writing; here is firm writing.

Here is the final thing I have to say then about the voice of Robert Frost. Unless you hear his voice in his verse you have not come fully into understanding him. The sense of his poetry is, in a peculiar way, in the sound of it. Perhaps he is, as the Van Dorens say, "the sound of a Yankee voice." I have not had sufficient acquaintance with that race of men to know. This I do know, however, that here is a voice that, once heard, will not be forgotten. It is sound announcing life.

COMMUNICATIONS

A MODERN PANACEA

Beverly Hills, Calif.

TO the Editor: Society and its modern reformers, since the Protestant Reformation, are suffering from the same disorder that afflicted the medical profession when they sought to cure all maladies with the knife. They did not try to discover and remove the *cause* of the affliction until quite recently, as they seemed to think that the defective organ itself was the cause needing removal. A more scientific frame of mind followed, and experts began to seek and to treat the causes with a great deal more success and less surgery. Let us hope a similar change will take place for the modern reformers.

Our modern social disorders are usually due to the abuse of some long-established good, which has proven a necessary organ when healthy and a serious cause of trouble when diseased by vicious abuse. The remedy however does not always lie in cutting out the diseased part, as so many reformers seem to think, but rather in discovering and treating the cause of the disorder. Once removed, it is very difficult to get along without a vital organ of the social body, and it may be even harder to replace it.

The trouble began with the Protestant Reformation, when a cure was sought for clerical abuses by throwing out the Church, and the process has continued down to the present day by these methods, until the normal functions of society are seriously impaired. Beginning with authority and extending to every doctrine that was capable of abuse, they discarded the sacraments, saints, images and the rest, without any serious consideration of the basic causes of the disorder (human frailty) which continued just as freely in the new reformed Church as before in the old. Whenever the malady began to show itself again, the part in which it appeared was removed and some sort of substitute improvised. The same disorder was treated by Mother Church with the Council of Trent, which removed the abuses and restored the normal and healthy life of the Church, to continue in the service of society.

More recently, error and superstition in religion were abuses that caused religion to be eliminated from the public educational program. But without religion, men are not taught to be accountable to God for the use or abuse of their talents, and society in general, especially the helpless, have become the victims of the abuse the same as before. The elimination of religion has vitiated rather than improved the health of society. A less drastic remedy would have been to assign to each denomination the religious instruction of a certain number of schools in proportion to the number of their children as parts of the tax-paying community, as is done in some countries. The Christian would then have the same chance as the atheist to propagate his religion, and time would probably favor the truth with supremacy in the long run. Justice to the taxpayer would at least have been served, and much widespread unbelief probably have been avoided.

One of the latest experiments in social surgery has been prohibition. If the money and energy consumed in trying to destroy alcohol were spent in trying to destroy abuse and excess (the true cause of the evil), the efforts would probably have been successful and the nation healthier.

Again, efforts of the Socialist and Communist to destroy capital and private ownership because of abuses that have lessened their utility to society are likewise bound to prove a failure because the mechanical substitutes are not designed in accordance with the natural law. By the law of God men are not equally gifted with talent and ability, and they all have the

right to own the fruits of their labor in providing for the future and their families. To destroy these two organs of social good and provide man-made substitutes is to burden society with glass eyes and wooden legs that are not necessary or efficient. Again, social surgery is not the remedy.

So runs the story of all the other efforts of the modern reformer. The atheist tries to eliminate God, heaven, hell and personal immortality because of exaggerated doctrines taught concerning them, but if these doctrines are facts, argument and the efforts of men to change them will not succeed, nor will they remedy the abuses connected with them.

The logical and consistent climax of these efforts is Bolshevism, which aims to destroy the whole of the natural and established order and to replace it with a mechanical and artificial one designed according to its own wishes. But as long as society continues to be made up of human beings instead of automaton, the arrangement can hardly be expected to work satisfactorily or for very long. The happiness of the individual must be the norm of all social order, and this happiness depends upon human nature as it is, with all its legitimate aspirations and desires, as well as its human weakness.

An improvised substitute may prove successful as a temporary expedient under certain conditions where a diseased organ of society fails to function properly, but if this method prevails generally, its evil effects will be felt to prevail sooner or later. False teeth, wigs, glass eyes or spectacles, ear-phones and cork legs may be all right under certain circumstances, but they would soon become unbearable if placed upon one body all at once. Far better to abandon the knife and artificial remedies and to seek and to treat the true cause.

The chronic disease of society will ever be human frailty and a tendency toward excess. Old Mother Church has been patiently laboring throughout the centuries to cure the malady, with the best results perhaps at the Council of Trent, which rendered her regular treatment—of confession, Communion, and the other sacraments especially—more effective. Encroachments of the state and the greed of individuals were heavily penalized and the doctrines of moderation, temperance and strict accountability to God for our stewardship were renewed as an antidote. The treatment has been effective.

The proponents of this modern panacea are very critical of our conservative and patient old mother for not accepting their modern ideas on reform, but her experience has come down to her from all the ages, and the ailments of her children are not new to her; nor are the remedies. The old remedies are again effectively applied, and her children who have learned to recognize the wisdom of her treatment and ministrations love her the more for it, even though there are times when the medicine is not to their liking.

E. R. H.

MISSA DE ANGELIS

South Bend, Ind.

TO the Editor: The average lover of good music knows little or nothing about its modes and moods or method, while composers' names sound as strange to his ignorant ears as saints mentioned annually in the martyrology. Such handicaps do not debar from appraisal, for every Catholic—except him who misses Mass—forms some sort of standard so long as he has ears to hear. It is the privilege of every critic. Book reviewers pack their judgment into paragraphs, and to authorities on painting and sculpture, palettes and chisels may be as foreign as screwdrivers to the fault-finder or the booster. And the man

who is no authority at all may tell what satisfies his eye or ear. That is why we have art galleries and museums for the lowly and downtrodden. A sunset needs no housing.

We were an insignificant group, except on the penny-scales, and our destination was nowhere in particular—just plain Catholics off for a week-end, without valets, and not too much in the wallets. A dashing knight sped to our dashboard to slow us down. "Where's the nearest Catholic church?" we chorused. He smiled. "St. Patrick's, Oak Hill Avenue. Next Mass," looking at his wrist watch, "ten o'clock. Step on it!" Said the Salesman: "Right after Mass, breakfast! I know a good restaurant in Youngstown—for this is Ohio."

Seeing so many children assembled, we thought it was their Mass—there were about two hundred youngsters present up in front. The other pews were filled with grown-ups; and there were no money-changers at the temple portico. After the correct genuflection and Sign of the Cross, we noticed six candles lighted on the altar under an imposing canopy. The Schoolmaster said afterward that it was a baldachin, as he raved about iron grilles, Gothic arches, grisaille glass, chapels, shrines, riddles and dossals, and tile-floored ambulatories; he was cuckoo about the vestments—I admit they did look good to me, and though ample and novel, it seemed that I had seen them always. The organ stole in softly. The Salesman looked around and found no gallery: the organ was forward in the sanctuary. The choir boys came out in procession—their song was good, the refrain was this: "Chanting everlastingly to the Blessed Trinity"; and in the parochial school Sister Clarinet taught us, "Macula non est in te."

We hoped to be in time for a low Mass and were rewarded with a high Mass. The Asperges was Gregorian, well done; then came the Proper as my prayer-book gave it—swiftly done to a melody that had brightness and movement. It was not droned by surpliced bumble bees, nor was it a wailing Hindu incantation or *comallye*. It was a complete surprise when the children in the nave took up alternately with the choir the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus. The Schoolmaster whispered: "That's the Missa De Angelis!" The youngsters' voices were pleasing, they sang in unison, and in a kind of natural harmony, robbed of monotony. It was fine.

After breakfast, and beyond the city limits, the Schoolmaster ventured: "How much better was that Mass than the rumpus in THE COMMONWEAL, that began with music and lost itself in dogma."

"Yes," said the Plumber (at the wheel), "that singing was an argument that could not be gainsaid or riddled or ridiculed."

From the Back-seat Driver: "Both of you missed the point, as many controversies evade it. Get it now. Teach the youngsters to share the high Mass and they will grow up in its holy way and not forsake it, like their elders. You fellows get a kick out of magazines where doctors disagree and plume themselves in print."

This from the Schoolmaster: "Years ago I pasted this in my Sunday missal. It's a message from the twelfth century, from Bishop John of Salisbury, who takes a whack at choirs who voice distractions at the sacred mysteries by: 'effeminate, inflexious and wanton modulations. The hearer might imagine it a chorus of sirens in which the performers strove to rival the notes of the nightingale and the parrot: sometimes descending to the bottom of the scale, sometimes mounting to the top: so breaking notes and mixing the lowest sounds with the highest that the ear is astonished and bewildered.' Plumber," concluded the Schoolmaster, "put that in your ear and whistle it."

PLAIN CATHOLIC.

LIBRARY

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PLAINCHANT AND BEETHOVEN

Kwangtung, China.

TO the Editor: I do not suppose that Father Ryan's article, "Plainchant and Beethoven," in the issue of October 7, was a response to my recent plea for the devotion of more space in THE COMMONWEAL to the art of music; but it appeared so timely after the receipt of my letter that I am almost tempted to think so.

Perhaps Father Ryan would be interested in an experiment I tried recently to test the response of the Chinese to absolute music. I have heard it asserted, sometimes by musicians, that the Chinese do not appreciate Western music; but I have always felt that these observations were based upon inferior music, and that absolute music has a universal appeal, regardless of the musical heritage of the hearers. I had an opportunity lately of putting this theory to the test.

This mission possesses a portable orthophonic phonograph and, among the many blessings inherited from the former pastor, a set of the Victor recordings of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. One moonlight evening last month, I had the phonograph and music carried out onto the lawn near the front gate and gave a moonlight concert to the dwellers on the compound and such of the villagers as cared to attend. While the boy was setting up the phonograph and arranging the records, I gave the audience a mystical interpretation of the Symphony in my very best Chinese, emphasizing especially Father Ryan's idea, "Look to God and hope."

The end of the first record was signalized by exclamations of astonishment at the loud tone of the phonograph, but they soon recovered from their astonishment and settled down to listen to the music. They listened attentively for forty minutes and, at the end, the opinion of the assembly was summed up by the old baggage-carrier who had accompanied me on all my mission trips the previous month: "Ah," said he, with a sigh, "the music preaches much better than Father does." Which may have been an appreciation of the music or a subtle, Oriental criticism of Father's homiletic ability in the Sunyi dialect.

REV. MARK A. CHURCHILL.

SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER

Bombay, India.

TO the Editor: The priest who sends you this letter, through the kind help of newspapers and reviews, has been for the last fifteen years an ardent propagator of the devotion to Saint Francis Xavier, and especially of the so-called Novena of Grace, which he preaches the whole year round, and the great efficacy of which in obtaining temporal and spiritual favors, and above all the conversion of sinners, attracts great crowds of people.

He feels very much for the many friends of Saint Francis Xavier whose great desire would be to come to Goa during the exposition of the body of the saint, but who will be unable to do so because of the distance or for want of time or means. For them he went to pray near the body of the saint in Goa, asking Saint Francis to help him to find a way to offer them some compensation, and to help them obtain their petitions. The object of this letter is to give the plan that was formed then.

"God helps those who help themselves." My proposal is that you make a novena during the last nine days of the exposition of the body of Saint Francis Xavier, a novena not only with the usual prayers of the so-called Novena of Grace, but accompanied with some substantial sacrifices made in honor of Saint Francis and a series of nine fervent Communions offered to the

Sacred Heart of Jesus through the intercession of the saint. Those Communions should be offered to obtain the grace to overcome yourself, to avoid occasions of sin, to see a priest before you die and also to receive some temporal favors according to your needs. Each day of the novena I will myself offer the Sacrifice of the Mass for you, near the body of Saint Francis in the Church of Bom Jesus, Goa, requesting also thousands of pilgrims to pray for your intentions. Besides this, I shall be at your disposal to place at the feet of Saint Francis Xavier all your private petitions, provided you send to me at once at the address furnished below. Every time that I place new petitions at the feet of the saint, I shall pray and ask others to pray that those petitions may be granted. But you too must do your part; and if you cannot possibly receive Holy Communion every day during the novena, you must do so as often as you can.

May I request you to mention among your own petitions the success of the retreat movement in India? This movement has proved up to now very efficacious for the conversion of sinners, for the strengthening of Catholics in their faith and for the fostering of vocations. New missionaries and more benefactors too are required to develop this retreat movement all over India. Through the intercession of Saint Francis Xavier, himself a great lover of retreats, God, Who inspired the Pope to make an appeal for the spread of the retreat movement all over the world, will also help us to find the means to develop it more and more in India.

Thanks to God, I may tell you that though deficient in many things and very often ill, I myself have been able to give in India in less than fifteen years retreats to more than 140,000 persons in some 110 improvised retreat houses.

I am now engaged in organizing two regular retreat houses, and if God, through the intercession of Saint Francis Xavier and your kind prayers, gives me the strength and means, I hope that several other regular retreat houses will soon be established all over the country.

In conclusion I repeat to you what I have said already to many during the last few months: A wave of grace is going to pass through Goa, near the exposed body of Saint Francis Xavier, from December 3, 1931, to January 3, 1932. Do not lose this singular opportunity of obtaining for yourself the protection of the saint and the granting of your petitions.

Petitions that reach me after January 3, 1932, will also be sent to Goa and deposited on the shrine of Saint Francis Xavier.

REV. A. LE TELLIER, S.J.

Care of the Rector, St. Mary's, Mazagon, Bombay, 10, India.

LAUDS

San Francisco, Calif.

TO the Editor: In your issue for December 9, I find a letter from Leo Dillon, in which he says: "I should like to ask Mrs. Weston, or anyone else, be he priest, philosopher, doctor, ordinand or editor (for the grace of God is not wholly absent, I suppose, even from this last profession) the following question: What can the Christian faith and, specifically, the Catholic religion do to break down and dissipate, not sin and scepticism (we all know it can do that) but mental disease, in plain words, madness? If I knew the answer to that, I should certainly become a practising Christian, very probably a practising Roman Catholic. I do not believe there is an answer, or rather I believe the answer is: nothing."

Presuming that Mr. Dillon is a man of his word, I cannot resist trying to satisfy his condition for becoming a "practising Catholic" if his question can be answered, by showing what the

Church can do, has done and is doing "to break down and dissipate . . . mental disease, in plain words, madness."

For many years, thirty or forty, even more probably, one of the Italian Fathers connected with Santa Clara College has been attending the inmates of the State Hospital (insane asylum) of Agnews a few miles removed from the college. So regular and so efficacious have been his ministrations to the insane that he is commonly known by the soubriquet of "the Bishop of Agnews." For all those years he has said Mass at the hospital for its patients, has talked with them, even heard their confessions in many cases; and I have it from the superintendents, none of whom were Catholics, that his influence in helping back to sanity those to whom he ministered has been very marked.

Dr. A. M. Gardner, for many years the superintendent of the State Hospital at Napa, held the same opinion. In fact, in many conversations on the subject with the superintendents and officers of the state hospitals, I never heard but one who held opposite views. He was an atheist and opposed to all religion and he claimed that talking on religion unduly excited patients.

Obviously many persons who are mentally upset in their religious views, can be quieted and helped by talking to a wise and discreet clergyman.

If Mr. Dillon, or anyone else interested, will write to the President of Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, California, I doubt not specific details will be given of cases where religion, and the Catholic religion especially, has been of great help in breaking down and dissipating madness.

J. F. CARRERE, *Ex-Secretary,*
State of California Lunacy Commission.

AUTOGRAPHS AS A BUSINESS VENTURE

Worcester, Mass.

TO the Editor: Anent your recent note on Mr. Madigan's catalogue of autographs, may I mention, for those who do not see the famous catalogues of Maggs Brothers, London, an item or two from the last list of their autograph letters and historical documents. The observation will allow us to realize the high appraisal given to the autographs of some zealous missionaries. Thus while the colorful shouting and the academic tumult of mere kings and queens pass for about £30 each, the sum of £150 is asked for a letter (Madrid, December 20, 1587) by Padre Acosta, a Spanish Jesuit missionary in America; and, *mirabile dictu*, a letter by Saint Francis Xavier (Cochin, January 31, 1552), "a precious and excessively rare manuscript," in the catalogue's phrases, is for sale at £1,000. Granted that the letter contains valuable historical erudition (which is printed gratis in the catalogue), is it not indeed a good round sum—\$5,000—to honor the script of a humble missionary saint! Nothing exceeds it in this price list except a letter from George Washington to John Paul Jones (Philadelphia, July 22, 1787).

In the realm of autographs, therefore, the dead past does not bury its dead, but keeps them resuscitated by the appraisals of autograph experts. And one word more on an instance among the living. Usually while a personage is alive and an active man of affairs, his autograph is a frequent occurrence, a commonplace most likely. It is worth noting, therefore, that at a concert in Carnegie Hall given for Holy Cross College a few years ago by Mr. John McCormack, ten of the artistic programs were autographed by the then Governor of New York, Mr. Alfred E. Smith, and those autographed programs sold for \$200 apiece. *Haec olim meminisse juvabit.*

REV. MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Sentinels

EVERY now and then, one gets the clearest of indications that one of the major problems with our theatre is an economic one. As I am writing these lines, there seems to be some indication that "Sentinels," a new play by Lula Vollmer, author of "Sun-Up," may be forced to close prematurely, in spite of what I consider to be its real claims as one of the most genuinely moving plays of the simpler order seen this year.

I think it is unquestionably the type of play which, if it were able to build up an audience following through a period of two or three weeks, might have a long and interesting run. But the theatre, as organized today, does not permit easily of such experiments. In the first place, those who own theatre properties fix minimum rentals which constitute a very heavy drain upon any producer, unless his play shows good financial returns in the very first week. In the second place, the salaries which have to be paid to actors, when they are hired for a single play and not for an entire season, also constitute a large capital outlay in the case of a play that starts poorly. What with the competition of the motion pictures in the purely entertainment field, and the generally reduced resources of these days of business depression, we are reaching a point where the group theatre system, with its long and favorable leases on theatre property and its long-term contracts for the leading actors, is the only one that holds out open arms to plays of a less sensational character.

Miss Vollmer's "Sentinels" is a typical instance of the kind of play that should be produced by a group theatre rather than under the competitive system of Broadway. Whether its present life is long or short, it offers excellent material for little theatre groups and for the better stock companies. It has received, I think, distinctly unfair treatment at the hands of most of the newspaper critics and should be appraised on its own merits rather than from the viewpoint of those who, in the rush of daily events, seem to have lost a certain simple perspective.

I agree quite readily with the statement that some details of its plot are overcomplicated and that some of its scenes could be improved upon by that careful and friendly reconstruction which a group theatre might give it. But it certainly offers no excuses whatever for the verbal tirade with which many of the critics greeted it—apparently because it dared to present a sentimental theme in a frankly sentimental fashion. It deals with that peculiar and intimate affection which grows up in certain families of the South between the various members of the family group and the Negro servants. The central figure of the play is the Negro mammy who has raised, almost as one brood, her own son, Thunder, and the two Hathaway boys, George and Tom. When George Hathaway kills a prominent man who is threatening to persecute the fiancée of his younger brother, this black foster mother decides it is better that her own son take the blame than to have the Hathaway family ruined.

The scene in which she persuades Thunder to leave town in order to cast the shadow of suspicion on himself and in which, after a struggle with mounting terror, he agrees to do this, is strong, simple and deeply stirring. Thunder, however, is arrested before he has a chance to leave town, and the railroad ticket found on his person is taken as first-hand evidence of his guilt. In the end, and just as the mob is about to storm the jail where Thunder is imprisoned, George Hathaway gives himself up as the real murderer. In doing so, he permits the broken-hearted old Negress to console herself with the

thought that "both her sons," the black and the white, held their heads high when the time of real test came.

Those who see, in this simple story, an effort to oversentimentalize the relationship of the blacks and the whites in the South could probably summon up a dozen single instances or stories to show that no such emotional ties exist and that the author is merely indulging in romantic propaganda. To this I think it is sufficient answer to say that if only one such case existed, it would still be worth recording as an example of how human emotions can at times rise above the self-seeking and the self-worship that blight most of modern life. It is a singularly sharp comment on the viewpoint of many of our sophisticates that plays dealing with racial hatreds or with the ugly questions of racial intermarriage are accepted and praised for their tragic realism, whereas a play like "Sentinels," which attempts to bring out the finer potentials of human character, is branded as being mawkish. At all events, I can state from personal observation that I have seldom seen an audience so completely held and moved as the one around me at the performance of "Sentinels." The play enhances Miss Vollmer's reputation as a dramatist of discernment and sensitive feeling.

"Of Thee I Sing"

THERE is probably more rough and tumble farce and broad satire concentrated in the eleven scenes of this new musical play by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind than in anything that has appeared on the musical stage since the team of Gilbert and Sullivan ceased operations. To add to the occasion, George Gershwin has written for it some of the best music of his career and Ira Gershwin has composed lyrics which certainly give forth a large part of the Gilbertian flavor.

The whole performance constitutes one of the broadest and most merciless satires imaginable upon the course of American politics and particularly upon the absurdities of a presidential campaign. In the hurly burly of the scenes, nothing is left unscathed. The torchlight processions, the informal hotel room meeting-ground of the national committee, a political rally in Madison Square Garden, the pageant of the inauguration, the hectic life of the White House, the inconsequential ramblings of the Senate, and, last but not least, the gullibility of the whole American public, are all raised up to a shattering ridicule which would make W. S. Gilbert's treatment of his First Lord of the Admiralty seem like a compliment. Yet, in a curious way, the ridicule is friendly. It would demand a very sensitive presidential office-holder indeed to be offended by the broad impersonal gibes obviously directed against the excesses of a system.

The story (for, strange to relate, there is a story to this political barbecue) concerns the presidential campaign and its aftermath of one John P. Wintergreen. The said Mr. Wintergreen, as played by William Gaxton, has certain qualities strangely reminiscent of New York's picturesque mayor. Having been nominated at the convention, Wintergreen is in desperate need of a campaign slogan. The slogan finally chosen rises from the cross-questioning of a hotel chambermaid by the national committee. The chambermaid admits that next to money, there is nothing she cares so much about as love, marriage, children and the rest. The committee thereupon seizes upon the idea of having Wintergreen run on a nationwide campaign of "love." Being a perfectly eligible bachelor, it is necessary to supply Wintergreen with an object for his public admiration. To this end, a bathing beauty contest is arranged in Atlantic City, the winner to become the bride of the candidate after his election. Unfortunately, Wintergreen refuses to accept the decision of the committee and picks for his

bride a girl (Lois Moran) whom he proceeds to woo violently and in public in all the forty-eight states of the Union. By this time, the popular phrase of the day, instead of being "Win with Wintergreen," has become "Woo with Wintergreen." Campaign meetings consist in simultaneous appearances on the platform of Wintergreen and his bride-elect to whom he proceeds to propose under the glare of spotlights. After this, like Peter Pan saving the immortal tinkle bell, he appeals to the audience to vote for him so that he can keep his promise to make his bride-elect the First Lady of the Land.

Needless to say, this campaign carries through to a grand conclusion graphically illustrated by hilarious election returns thrown upon the screen. After the inauguration, which is presided over by the nine Supreme Court Justices (whose march resembles nothing more closely than that of the Peers in "Iolanthe") Mr. and Mrs. Wintergreen settle down to running the White House. By this time, however, the rejected bathing beauty has begun to get a popular following throughout the country. The political career of Wintergreen threatens to be ended by impeachment. There are, in fact, impeachment proceedings in the Senate along with a number of irrelevant speeches in true senatorial fashion. The day is saved, however, by the announcement that Mrs. Wintergreen is about to give the world a White House baby. This turns the tide of popular sentiment once more in favor of Wintergreen. It culminates with the birth of White House twins whose sex is solemnly determined by Supreme Court Judges!

As a counter-theme to the troubles of Wintergreen, we have the pathetic case of Alexander Throttlebottom, candidate for Vice-president. When you realize that Victor Moore plays this part, you will have an idea of the pathetic story involved—of a Vice-president whose name is actually forgotten by those who put him up for nomination, who is mistaken for a bell-boy at the convention hotel, who lives in a boarding-house in Washington, and only discovers at the very end that he is supposed to preside over the Senate.

As I have tried to indicate before, the satire is broad. It seeks none of the subtlety with which Gilbert so exquisitely satirized the British politics of his day. Yet, for all its broadness, the basic idea has more subtlety than appears on the surface. It boils down, after all, to that unquestioned habit of the American people by which they want to see themselves reflected and glorified in whatever political issues are raised in the campaign. In the brilliant torchlight procession, which opens the evening, there is ample reference to past campaigns by which the American people have worked themselves into a frenzy of self-worship. Among the best of the transparencies is one carrying the legend "Vote for Prosperity—and See What You Get." It may seem absurd to suppose that a nation of 100,000,000 people could be carried away by the tomfoolery of the love campaign, yet one goes away wondering if, after all, it is one whit more absurd than the patriotic fervor with which record pluralities voted for four more years of prosperity. What Messrs. Kaufman and Ryskind are striking at, and with no mean blows, is the self-worship which leads mass psychology. Perhaps they have gone a little too far. It may prove that by reducing the tendency to its last utter absurdity, they have gone over the heads of their audiences and failed to hit the real evil. That, however, is a matter which only time can decide. In the meantime, "Of Thee I Sing" presents a spirited travesty into which is woven a great deal of superb music and a sense of Rabelaisian fun which far outstrips anything of the kind previously attempted on a musical comedy stage. (At the Music Box Theatre.)

BOOKS

Maryland, My Maryland

Catholic Colonial Maryland, by Rev. H. S. Spalding, S.J. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. \$2.50.

Tidewater Maryland, by Paul Wilstach. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.00.

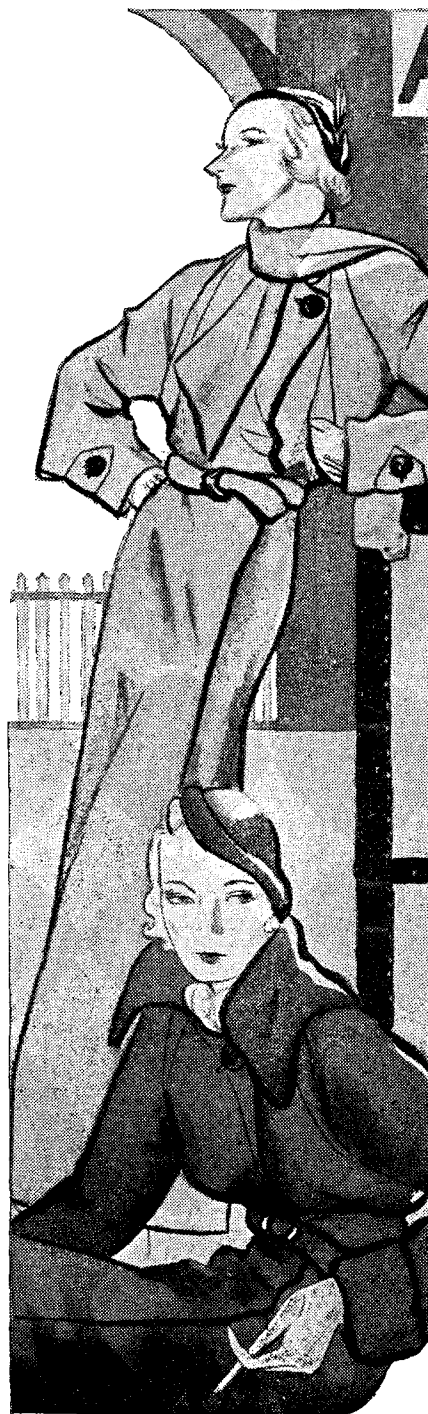
Old Baltimore, by Annie Leakin Sioussat. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

WITH the approach of the third centennial of the establishment of Maryland by the English pilgrims, both Catholic and Church of England—so different in temperament from those Bible Christians who landed in Massachusetts—it is only to be expected that a new library of books about the stout little free state should begin to appear. Only the grossest materialists confuse importance with size or wealth, so that the high place occupied by Maryland in the Union is not doubted even by Virginians. A land with so charming a quality that even an iconoclast like H. L. Mencken becomes locally patriotic simply because he had the good fortune to be born and bred within the circle of its *genius loci*, possesses something unique, which no doubt only the true Marylander may properly appreciate, but which all others may enjoy and praise, even if only at a distance; even if only within the pages of a book.

The books now under consideration will do much to bring all readers that enjoyment, and should help to swell the mighty tide of pilgrims who will turn toward Baltimore and Annapolis in 1934, when the great celebration of the founding of Maryland will be held. For it was on the day of the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in 1634, that Cecil Calvert and his associated gentlemen and servants landed from the Ark and the Dove—names of benediction in American history—and Father Andrew White, the Jesuit, said Mass for them. It was then that the first page of the true history of religious liberty in America—in the whole world, for that matter—began.

Father Henry S. Spalding is a descendant of Maryland Catholics who founded the Catholic valley of Kentucky, where Bardstown was the cathedral city and where today there is a veritable holy land of American Catholic life; he is also a member of the Society of Jesus, whose story is so closely bound up with that of Maryland. Most appropriately it is he, of the three authors listed above, who retells, with much new matter, the epic of the coming of the Catholics, and the founding of the palatinate, and all the ups and downs of their effort to found and keep a homeland where all Christians might live in liberty and in concord. He traces the tale up to the end of the American Revolution. Against those who minimize the part played by the Maryland Catholics in establishing the principle and the practice of religious liberty, Father Spalding wields a vigorous pen, and on the basis of the facts presented—facts, too, which are supported in the actual records of the colony—it seems to us that he proves his thesis, namely, that Maryland should justly be given the leading place. It is a book that ought to be on the shelves of every American Catholic family—and if it finds its way, and it will, to the shelves of other than Catholics, it will do a good work in helping to bring about a wider and much needed knowledge of the fundamental part played by Catholics in the establishment of the ethos of this nation.

That experienced and graceful writer of books of travel and history, Paul Wilstach, gives a beautifully illustrated volume to his description of the scenic, historic and personal aspects of



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B. ALTMAN

FIFTH AVENUE AT 34th STREET

NEXT WEEK

TOTAL ABSTINENCE IN AMERICA, by Edward J. Lyng, is an analysis by the present president of the National Total Abstinence Union of the principles actuating the exponents of voluntary total abstinence. It tells some of the vicissitudes of the movement under prohibition and its present prospects. A number of the hierarchy are taking renewed interest in the total abstinence cause as the failures of prohibition are becoming more and more apparent. . . . THE CATHOLIC RURAL LIFE MOVEMENT, by Frank O'Hara, is the first of a series of articles. How the charge that the Church neglected its rural members in favor of the city parishes, was met as a challenge by the Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, now Bishop of Great Falls, Montana, and his devoted assistants, and the splendid work accomplished and being accomplished, makes a fascinating annal of present-day social and religious history. . . . REFLECTIONS OF CANDLE LIGHT, by Michael Williams, reviews "The Doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ" translated from the French of Abbé Anger by the Reverend John J. Burke, C.S.P., director of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Briefly we get some intimations of the majesty of the subject, of how the Mystical Body has united people in all countries in all ages with God, and how it is the practical and continuing bond for the brotherhood of man in the midst of chaos and fury. . . . THE NEW DECLINE AND FALL, by Christopher Dawson, considers not only the threat to European, and in extension to Occidental, culture arising from gathering forces in the East, but also those energies from within which "are absorbed in denouncing capitalism and class privilege, imperialism and militarism, religious obscurantism and traditional morality," so that "these abstractions tend in practice to be identified with the whole existing order of European society."

Maryland. Baltimore and Annapolis bulk large in the fascinating panorama. That tidewater Maryland has played a part "out of all proportion to its area" in the national history is a thesis which the author amply supports; better still, for such claims are often mere boasts, no matter how well justified, he is able to evoke the glamor, the mellow, amiable aristocratic charm, of Maryland. This little state was the cradle of the American navy; it gave five important generals to help Washington win the Revolutionary War; its statesmen were in the Cabinets of each of the first seven Presidents of the United States. All these famous men, and Maryland's great woman, Margaret Brent, are justly praised and described, together with Francis Scott Key, who gave us "The Star Spangled Banner," and Henry Mencken, who may not think very highly of that patriotic hymn, but who does love "Maryland, My Maryland"; while Edgar Allan Poe, James McNeil Whistler and many other great figures appear in the pageant of Baltimore.

Baltimore by itself is the theme of the third of the volumes under mention, by Annie Leakin Sioussat, during the first century of its high history. Much of the material has been taken from local lore, authentic stories handed down in old families, and perhaps a few legends as well. This volume has a more limited appeal than the other two; but it should be read widely elsewhere than in Baltimore, because the United States needs just the quality distilled and made more potent in these pages—the charm of a true aristocracy of democratic American life.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Ranked with Frederick and Napoleon

Sheridan: A Military Narrative, by Joseph Hergesheimer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.00.

LIKE other successful military commanders, Philip Henry Sheridan found himself at times beset by forces harder to combat than the enemy's horse and foot—the forces of bitter controversy. Not that he was ever slow in accepting the challenge of a critical report or a disgruntled subordinate's pamphlet; he met them as directly as he met Longstreet, Lee and Early on the field of battle. But if all successful commanders must bear calumny, certainly few have ever been honored by so signal a mark of confidence on the part of colleagues and superiors as Sheridan was at the outset of his active career when, after repulsing the Confederate cavalry under General Chalmers, he was the subject of the following remarkable telegram to General Halleck, signed by five brigadier-generals, Rosecrans, C. C. Sullivan, Gordon Granger, W. L. Elliott and A. Asboth: "The undersigned respectfully beg that you will obtain promotion for Sheridan. He is worth his weight in gold."

When the Civil War began, Sheridan was a captain in the far West, and it was fifteen months before he saw action. Joseph Hergesheimer emphasizes that Sheridan was a professional soldier, that is, a man born with the characteristics necessary to success in military action. Certainly luck made no favorite of Sheridan. His rapid advance after a late start was due to the clearly discernible military qualities which he displayed: firmness, decision, capacity for rapid action, complete ascendancy over his men; and, says Hergesheimer, that last-named quality rested in large part on the unusual care he took of his men's comfort. Luck played its part, in that Sheridan first emerged into fame when his troops continued up Missionary Ridge instead of halting after taking the enemy lines at the foot—continued of their own volition simply because they found the position where Grant and Sheridan expected them to stop, untenable. Grant, however, was not long in recognizing in

Sheridan a man who, like himself, could pursue the business in hand with single-minded vigor. In the end, Grant pronounced Sheridan one of the great commanders of history, ranking with Frederick and Napoleon.

Mr. Hergesheimer, too much on guard against the legend created by the only passable ballad that came out of the Civil War, deflates the Valley Campaign too much. He is perhaps unjust in blaming Sheridan for absence from his army when Early's grey hordes came out of the grey fog that morning at Cedar Creek, for Sheridan was absent in obedience to his superiors; but it is made plain that Sheridan's ascendancy over his troops turned defeat into victory. But the campaign in which Sheridan forced Lee out of Petersburg and harried his army into a corner at Appomatox is the real achievement on which Sheridan's fame rests.

Hergesheimer has mastered the details of campaigns and battles not only well for a layman, but all too well; few will be able to follow a clear thread of narrative through his bewilderingly detailed story. Yet, though cloudily, the picture does emerge of a great soldier who saw correctly what should be done and exactly how to do it, and did it with unsurpassed energy.

It seems to be unsettled even yet, whether Philip Henry Sheridan was born in Ireland, on the sea, or in Boston. But Irish he was, and Catholic, and a son of poor immigrants. Hergesheimer merely touches upon these matters, and of Sheridan's long career after Appomatox writes not a word. This then is no complete biography of Sheridan, but purely "a military narrative." What moved the popular novelist to make his first experiment in biographical writing with this neglected soldier as a subject, remains a mystery; but much thanks are due him. He has given us, if not the complete portrait of a man, at least the soldierly portrait of a great soldier.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Creative Imagination

The Provincetown—a Story of the Theatre, by Helen Deutch and Stella Hanau. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.00.

GEORGE CRAM COOK was the guiding spirit, the dogged, relentless force behind the Provincetown Players, that versatile group which one evening back in the summer of 1915 improvised a stage on Hutchins Hapgood's front porch at Provincetown and presented two plays, "Suppressed Desires" and "Constancy." He and Susan Glaspell, his wife, collaborated in the writing of plays, worked and wept and laughed together through kaleidoscopic years.

Associated with the Provincetown Theatre practically from its inception to its close, were Miss Deutch and Mrs. Hanau, and their easy, fluent narrative of all that was an integral part of the plan makes fascinating reading. I have called the Provincetown a plan, and so long as life remained in it—that seeking, unselfconscious striving, after the highest and deepest in artistic attainment—just so long was it that: a plan for the American playwright, the American stage. Once its ideals began a tentative gesture toward acknowledged commercialism, the Provincetown Theatre, with almost automatic finality, ceased to be. It closed on December 14, 1929.

The Deutch-Hanau book is much more than a stark history of a certain theatre group. For instance, in it one glimpses Eugene O'Neill, sick with stage fright, shakily speaking exactly one line in his first play, "Bound East for Cardiff"; and George Cram Cook, his grey head held high, gallantly applauding O'Neill's play, "Diff'rent," which opened simultaneously with

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his own rather difficult play of reincarnation, "The Spring," which subsequently failed.

About midway through the book Jacques Copeau sees Susan Glaspell substituting for Ann Harding in "The Inheritors," and in a lecture the following day, hails her as "a truly great actress." About the same time a pretty girl named Edna Millay comes down from Vassar one day and asks permission to join the cast, and after some consideration is accepted.

You see Judge Corrigan's kindly smile as he listens to the complaint of the New York Sabbath Committee which frowned on the Provincetown's Sunday evening performances, and when the flustered young police captain asks: "But judge, if they give another performance next Sunday, what shall I do?" you hear the magistrate answer quietly: "Do something else!"

When during the World War, feeling runs high against any project not noisily militant, Cook writes: "One faculty we know is going to be of vast importance to the half-destroyed world—the faculty of creative imagination. Without it the wreck of the world that was cannot be cleared away, and the new world shaped."

After reading "The Provincetown," you sense how much that was inherently fine and of great spiritual value was incorporated into that brave launching of a new venture in play production. Truly a book of immense scope and keenly sustained interest.

MARGUERITE VANCE.

Exotic Pictures and Reflections

Malaisie, by Henri Fauconnier. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

THE GONCOURT prize novel for 1930 is in the tradition of Pierre Loti. All the love of exoticism of the author of "Madame Chrysanthème," all his delight in the contrasts of East and West and his beautiful harmonious diction mark this book by Henri Fauconnier. But while Loti looked at distant shores with the eyes of the nineteenth century, Fauconnier reveals a different vision—an intense scrutiny strained through the fine web of Valéry, Gide and Malraux. A disillusioned, post-war mind studies the East.

The gathering of raw material for the manufacture of pneumatic tires, the economic results of the Stevenson committee and the life on rubber plantations in the Malay peninsula—where the author spent fifteen years as a planter—seem hardly stuff for a subtle artificer in words and ideas. But Fauconnier employs the slenderest of plots merely as a frame for observations on Malay life, glowing pictures of the jungle and not a few reflections on good and evil.

Two Frenchmen in the wilderness, their reactions to the native civilization, their relations with each other and with a Malay who runs amuck—a truly terrible episode—such is the gist of the book. In some passages the excessive dialectic of these two intellectual planters becomes tedious and one is inclined to agree with the remark, "The French are people without opinions who argue as if they had some." But many pages are absorbing and few fail to bear some epigram like this, "One never does really meet oneself. That is indeed an argument for the immortality of the soul."

Perhaps the best spirit that informs "Malaisie" is the author's effort to understand the natives and his very evident love for them. Beside him Loti seems shallow and fastidious; and in this respect he is more like the kindly Joseph Conrad. Indeed, one feels that the Malays must have applied the classic appellation, "Tuan," to the author with as much affection as servility.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN.

Guide to an American Cathedral

Augustin McNally's Guide to St. Patrick's. New York: Brown McNally, Wilmerding and Revell. \$35.

HERE is no collection of dry bones, no mere list of statistics. True, Mr. McNally has given all the measurements which will delight the mathematically-minded, but he has subordinated these to the fascinating story which lies hidden in the stones of New York's metropolitan church. This little volume, a prelude to his forthcoming "Romance of St. Patrick's," whets our desire for the detailed story. Broadly viewed, the "Guide" has been admirably done; it is a treasure-house of information. However, few will subscribe to Mr. McNally's adulation of all the glass in the cathedral. And certainly, any hope for the revelation of the organ as "a glorious instrument" is mere fantasy.

The "Guide" is something of an anthology, for the author has incorporated into his descriptions of windows and chapels verse and prose from many sources. Among the most felicitous of these quotations are the late Doctor A. C. Benson's beautiful lines on the death of Saint Charles Borromeo, and a fine summation of the character of a great Spanish mystic from the pen of that eminent interpreter of mystics, the Dean of St. Paul's.

An index and a plan of the cathedral are strangely omitted in this present edition. And, surely, Mr. McNally might have told us that the statue of Saint Francis which stands at the head of the north choir aisle is a copy of Du Pré's heroic conception in the cathedral close at Assisi.

Let not the apparent flippancy of some comments in the "Guide" distress anyone. To this reviewer, at least, they seem but symbolic of the unfettered thought of one who is at ease within his Father's house.

ALASTAIR GUINAN.

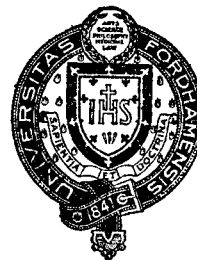
Many Philosophers

Brief Readings in Philosophy, by Milo F. McDonald. Brooklyn: Standard Text Press. \$3.75.

WHILE in Catholic schools the history of philosophy has been treated comprehensively, as necessary to the intellectual equipment of a scholar, Scholasticism, frequently distinguished as the New Scholasticism, has been taught as the ultimate critique and system. This position toward philosophy which of course cannot be supported in detail within the limits of a review, is patent in the book under consideration. A textbook for Catholic college students, it is nevertheless recommended to those scholars and students who pretend to more than a superficial liberality in their consideration of all systems impartially. For Catholic professors and their students it will be no doubt a most useful volume.

"Brief Readings in Philosophy" is historically inclusive, from the early Oriental and Greek philosophical writings, through the later Greek and Greco-Roman, the final phases of pagan thought and the rise and perfection of Christian philosophy, to the modern and contemporary. A brief biographical sketch and suggestion of the main theses of the leading philosophers is given before the selections from their writings. The selections, too, necessarily are brief. They afford however a compendium of writings which, if considered in their entirety, would be hopelessly beyond the time available to the average student, as well as utterly beyond his power of digestion. The compiler is the author of a number of books on philosophy and related subjects.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.



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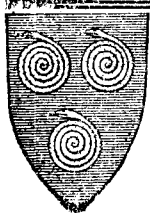
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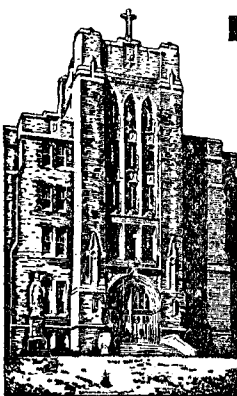


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Briefer Mention

Manhattan Side Show, by Konrad Bercovici; illustrated by Norman Borchardt. New York: The Century Co. \$4.00.

COMPOSED of random sketches contributed to popular weeklies, Mr. Bercovici's book is less a guide than a repository of anecdotes, gossip, sundry observations, and these are, for the most part, slight, often commonplace. Many names are mentioned, but few personalities appear. Of the sketches, those of Dreiser, Robert W. Chanler and a thinly-disguised Jed Harris often surprise one by seeming to capture a gesture, a tone of voice, an attitude of mind. Mr. Bercovici's approach to New York is romantic, wistful, sentimental. In its wistful insistence upon the retention of racial characteristics and customs among New York's foreign-born it suggests a New York more Continental than American, made up of *quartiers* no less distinct than those of Paris or Berlin. Because of this, the New Yorker accustomed to take his city as an entity, finds himself yearning after the Continent rather than brought nearer this aliens' New York.

The Living Voice, by Agnes M. Blundell. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00.

COMPARISON with Hugh Benson's "Come Rack, Come Rope," whose formula Miss Blundell follows, is inescapably suggested; yet in this case it would be obviously unfair. The locale here is the England of the Merry Monarch when Protestantism, closely pursued by rampant Puritanism, is suffering the back lash of subtle persecution. The hero is a Catholic youth who experiences the ennobling, if hard, experience of adherence to a faith which is harassed by both opposing factions. Mainly a book of action, the author has thrown a sop to romance, provided little more than superficial characterization, but has succeeded remarkably well in envisaging the times.

The Lost Continent of Mu, by James Churchward. New York: Ives Washburn. \$3.00.

HERE is a fascinating new edition of Colonel Churchward's famous and thrilling book, in which is carefully gathered evidence to show that a lost continent alone could give a clue to the origin of the race. It has been added to and revised, but the fundamental contentions are just the same. You may agree or disagree, shrug your shoulders or speak about the book jubilantly to your friends. But in all human probability you will be interested.

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